

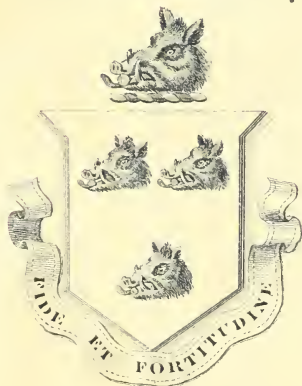
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THE  
TRAGEDY  
OF  
HAMLET  
Prince of Denmark.

1676

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As it is now Acted at his Highness the  
Duke of York's Theatre.

---

BY  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

1676

---



---

L O N D O N :

Printed by *Andr. Clark*, for *J. Martyn*, and *H. Herringman*, at the Bell in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, and at the Blue Anchor in the lower Walk of the *New Exchange*, 1676.

5041

TRAGEDY

THE MAID

Boston

149,985

May 1873

Printed by the Boston Book Concern, No. 150 N. Broadway, Boston.

THE MAID

1873

Printed by the Boston Book Concern, No. 150 N. Broadway, Boston.

The Nations Rejoice

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To the Reader.

**T***His Play being too long to be conveniently Acted, such Places as might be least prejudicial to the Plot or Sense, are left out upon the Stage : but that we may no way wrong the incomparable Author, are here inserted according to the Original Copy, with this Mark “*

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# The Persons Represented.

<b>C</b> laudius, King of Denmark,	Mr. Crosby.
Hamlet, Son to the former King,	Mr. Betterton.
Horatio, Hamlet's Friend,	Mr. Smith.
Marcellus, an Officer.	Mr. Lee.
Polonius, Lord Chamberlain,	Mr. Noake.
Voltemand.	
Cornelius.	
Laertes, Son to Polonius,	Mr. Young.
Reynaldo,	
Rosincrans, } Two Courtiers.	Mr. Norris.
Guildenstern, }	Mr. Cademan.
Cum aliis.	
Lucianus.	
Fortinbrass, King of Norway,	Mr. Percival.
Ostrick, a fantastical Courtier.	Mr. Fenan.
Barnardo, } Two Centinels.	Mr. Raibband.
Francisco, }	Mr. Floyd.
Ghost of Hamlet's Father,	Mr. Medburn.
Two Grave-makers,	{ Mr. Undril.
	{ Mr. Williams.
Gertrard, Queen of Denmark,	Mrs. Shadwel.
Opbelia, in love with Hamlet.	Mrs. Betterton.

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THE  
TRAGEDY  
OF  
HAMLET  
PRINCE of DENMARK.

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

---

*Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two Sentinels.*

*Bar.* **W** Ho's there?  
*Fran.* Nay answer me, stand and unfold  
your self.

*Bar.* Long live the King.

*Fran.* Barnardo?

*Bar.* He.

*Fran.* You come most carefully upon your hour.

*Bar.* 'Tis now strook twelve: get thee to bed *Francisco*.

*Fran.* For this relief much thanks, 'tis bitter cold,  
And I am sick at heart.

*Bar.* Have you had quiet guard?

*Fran.* Not a Mouse stirring.

*Bar.* Well, good night:

If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,  
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

*Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*

*Fran.* I think I hear them. Stand ho: who is there?

*Hora.* Friends to this ground.

*Mar.* And Ligemen to the Dane.

*Fran.* Good night.

B

*Mar.* O

*Mar.* O farewell honest Souldiers ; who has relieved you ?

*Fran.* *Barnardo* has my place : good night.

*Exit Fran.*

*Mar.* Holla, *Barnardo*.

*Bar.* Say, what is *Horatio* there ?

*Hor.* A piece of him.

*Bar.* Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

*Hor.* What has this thing appear'd again to night ?

*Bar.* I have seen nothing.

*Mar.* *Horatio* says 'tis but a phantafie,  
And will not let belief take hold of him,  
Touching this dreaded fight twice seen of us ;  
Therefore I have entreated him along,  
With us to watch the minutes of this night,  
" That if again this Apparition come,  
" He may approve our Eyes and speak to it.

" *Hora.* 'Twill not appear.

*Bar.* Sit down a while,  
And let us once again assail your ears  
That are so fortified against our story,  
What we have two nights seen.

*Hora.* Well, let's down,  
And let us hear *Barnardo* speak of this.

*Bar.* Last night of all,  
When yond same Star that's Westward from the Pole,  
Had made his course to enlighten that part of Heaven  
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and my self,  
The Bell then beating one.

*Enter Ghost.*

*Mar.* Peace, Break thee off, look where it comes again.

*Bar.* In the same Figure, like the King that's dead.

*Mar.* Thou art a Scholar, speak to it *Horatio*.

*Hor.* Most like, it startles me with fear and wonder.

*Bar.* It would be spoke to.

*Mar.* Speak to it *Horatio*.

*Hora.* What art thou that usurpest this time of night,  
Together with that fair and Warlike form,  
In which the Majesty of buried *Denmark*  
Did sometimes march ? I charge thee speak.

*Mar.* It is offended.

*Bar.* See, it stalks away.

*Hor.* Stay, speak, speak, I charge thee speak.

[*Exit Ghost.*

*Mar.* 'Tis gone and will not answer.

*Bar.* How now *Horatio* ? you tremble and look pale :  
Is not this something more than phantafie ?

What

What think you of it?

*Hor.* I could not believe this,  
Without the sensible and true avouch  
Of mine own eyes.

*Mar.* Is it not like the King?

*Hor.* As thou art to thy self:  
Such was the very Armor he had on,  
When he th' ambitious *Norway* combated.  
"So frown'd he once, when in an angry Parlc.  
"He smote the sleaded Poll-ax on the Ice.  
"Tis strange.

*Mar.* Thus twice before, and at the same hour,  
With martial stalk hath he gone by our wath.

*Hor.* In what particular thought to work I know not,  
But in the scope of mine opinion,  
This bodes some strange eruption to our State.

*Mar.* Pray sit down and tell me, he that knows,  
Why this same strict and most observant watch  
So nighly toils the subject of the land,  
'And with such daily cost of brazen Canon,  
'And foreign Mart for implements of War?  
'Why such impress of Ship-wrights, whose fore task  
'Does not divide the Sunday from the Week?  
'What might be toward, that this sweaty haste  
'Makes the night joynt labor with the day?  
'Who is't that can inform me?

*Hor.* That can I:

'At least the whisper goes so. — Our last King,  
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,  
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbrass* of *Norway*,  
'Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride,  
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,  
'For (so this side of our known World esteem'd him)  
Did slay this *Fortinbrass*, who by a seal'd compact,  
Well ratified by Law and Heraldry,  
Did forfeit (with his life) all these his lands,  
'Which he stood seiz'd of, to the Conqueror:  
'Against the which a moiety competent  
'Was gaged by our King, which had returned  
'To the inheritance of *Fortinbrass*,  
'Had he been Vanquisher: as by the same compact,  
'And carriage of the Articles design,  
'His fell to *Hamlet*: now sir, young *Fortinbrass*  
'Of unimproved metal, hot, and full,



Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there  
 Sharkt up a list of lawless resolute,  
 ' For food and diet to some enterprize  
 ' That hath a stomach in't, which is no other  
 ' As it doth well appear unto our state,  
 ' But to recover of us by strong hand  
 ' And terms compulsory, those foresaid lands  
 So by his Father lost : , and this I take it  
 Is the main motive of our preparations,  
 ' The source of this our watch, and the chief head  
 ' Of this post-haste, and romage in the land.

*Bar.* I think it be no other but even so :  
 Well may it fort that this portentous Figure  
 Comes armed through our Watch so like the King,  
 That was and is the question of these Wars.

' *Hora.* A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.  
 ' In the most high and flourishing state of *Rome*,  
 ' A little ere the mightiest *Julius* fell,  
 ' The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
 ' Did squeak and gibber in the *Roman* streets,  
 ' As stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,  
 ' Disasters in the Sun, and the moist Star,  
 ' Upon whose influence *Neptunes* Empire stands,  
 ' Was sick almost to Doomsday with eclipse,  
 ' And even the like precursor of fierce events,  
 ' As harbingers preceding still the Fates  
 ' And Prologue to the *Omen* coming on,  
 ' Have Heaven and Earth together demonstrated  
 ' Unto our Climates and Countrymen.

[Enter Ghost.

But soft, behold ! lo where it comes again,  
 I'll cross it though it blast me : Stay illusion,  
 If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,  
 Speak to me : if there be any good thing to be done,  
 That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,  
 Speak to me.

[He spreads  
 his arms.

If thou art privy to thy Countries fate,  
 Which happily foreknowing may avoid,  
 O speak :

Or if thou hast up-hoarded in thy life  
 Extorted treasure in the womb of Earth,  
 For which they say your Spirits oft walk in death, [The cock crows.  
 Speak of it, stay and speak ; stop it *Marcellus*.

*Mar.* Shall I strike it with my Partisan ?

*Hor.* Do if it will not stand.

*Bar.* 'Tis



*Bar.* 'Tis here.

*Hor.* 'Tis here.

*Mar.* 'Tis gone.

*Exit Ghost.*

We do it wrong being so majesticall,  
To offer it the shew of violence:  
It is ever as the air, invulnerable,  
And our vain blōws malicious mockery.

*Bar.* It was about to speak when the Cock crew.

*Hor.* And then it started like a guilty thing  
Upon a fearful summons: I have heard,  
The Cock, that is the trumpet to the Morn,  
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat  
Awake the god of Day; and at his warning,  
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies  
To his confine; "and of the truth herein  
' This present object made probation.

*Mar.* It faded at the crowing of the Cock.  
' Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,  
' Wherein our Saviours birth is celebrated,  
' This bird of dawning singeth all night long,  
' And then they say no Spirit dares stir abroad,  
' The nights are wholesome; then no Planets strike,  
' No Fairy takes, no Witch hath power to charm;  
' So hallowed and so gracious is that time.

*Hor.* So have I heard, and do in part believe it:  
But look, the Morn in ruffet mantle clad  
Walks o're the dew of yon high Eastern hill:  
Break we our watch up, and by my advice  
Let us impart what we have seen to night  
Unto young *Hamlet*; perhaps  
This Spirit dumb to us will speak to him.

' Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,  
' As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

*Mar.* Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know  
Where we shall find him most convenient.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Flourish.* Enter *Claudius King of Denmark*, *Gertrud the Queen*,  
*Council*, as *Polonius*, and his Son *Laertes*, *Hamlet*, *cum aliis.*

*King.* Though yet of *Hamlet* our dear brothers death  
The memory be green, and that it us befitted  
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole Kingdom  
To be contracted in one brow of woe:

Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,  
 That we with wisest sorrow think on him,  
 Together with remembrance of our selves:  
 Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queen,  
 Th'Imperial Jointress to this Warlike State,  
 Have we as 'twere with a defeated joy,  
 " With an auspicious and a dropping eye,  
 " With mirth in Funeral, and with dirge in Marriage,  
 " In equal scale weighing delight and dole,  
 Taken to Wife, nor have we herein barr'd  
 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone  
 With this affair along (for all our thanks)  
 " Now follows that you know young *Fortinbras*,  
 " Holding a weak supposal of our worth,  
 " Or thinking by our late dear brothers death  
 " Our state to be dis-joynt, and out of frame,  
 " Colleagu'd with this dream of his advantage,  
 " He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,  
 " Importing the surrender of those lands  
 " Lost by his Father, with all bands of Law,  
 " To our most valiant brother. So much for him.  
 " Now for our self, and for this time of meeting,  
 " Thus much the business is, we have here writ  
 " To *Norway*, Uncle of young *Fortinbras*,  
 " Who impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears  
 " Of this his Nephews purpose, to suppress  
 " His further gate herein, in that the levies,  
 " The lists, and full proportions are all made  
 " Out of his subjects: and we now dispatch  
 " You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,  
 " Ambassadors to old *Norway*,  
 " Who have no further personal power  
 " Of Treaty with the King, more than the scope  
 " Of these delated Articles allow.  
 " Farewel, and let your haste commend your duty.  
 " *Cor. Vo.* In that and all things will we shew our duty.  
 " *King.* We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.  
 Now *Laertes*, what's the news with you?  
 You told us of some suit, what is't *Laertes*?  
 " You cannot speak of reason to the *Dane*,  
 " And lose your voice: what would't thou beg, *Laertes*?  
 " That shall not be my offer, nor thy asking.  
 " The head is not more native to the heart,  
 " The hand more instrumental to the mouth,

Than

‘ Than is the Throne of *Denmark* to thy Father:

‘ What wouldst thou have *Laertes*?

*Laer.* My dear Lord,

Your leave and favor to return to *France*,

From whence though willingly I came to *Denmark*,

To shew my duty in your Coronation ;

Yet now I must confess, that duty done,

My thoughts and wishes bend again toward *France*,

‘ And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

*King.* Have you your fathers leave ? what says *Polonius* ?

*Pol.* He hath, my Lord, wrung from me my slow leave,

By laborfome Petition ; and at last,

Upon his will I seal’d my hard consent.

‘ I do beseech you give him leave to go.

*King.* Take thy fair hour, *Laertes*, time be thine,

And thy best graces ; spend it at thy will.

But now my cousin *Hamlet*, and my Son.

*Ham.* A little more than kin, and less than kind.

*King.* How is it that the clouds still hang on you ?

*Ham.* Not so much, my Lord, I am too much in the Sun.

*Queen.* Good *Hamlet*, cast thy nighted colour off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on *Denmark*.

Do not for ever with thy veiled lids

Seek for thy noble father in the dust :

Thou know’st ’tis common all that live must die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

*Ham.* I Madam, it is common.

*Queen.* If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee ?

*Ham.* Seems Madam, nay it is, I know not seems,

’Tis not alone this Mourning cloke could smother,

‘ Nor customary fates of solemn black,

‘ Nor windy suspiration of forc’d breath,

‘ No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

‘ Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,

Together with all forms, modes, shapes of grief,

That can denote me truly ; these indeed seem,

‘ For they are actions that a man might play :

But I have that within which passes shew,

These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

*King.* ’Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, *Hamlet*,

To give these mourning duties to your father.

But you must know your father lost a father ;

That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound.



In filial obligation for some term  
 To do obsequious sorrow, but to persevere  
 In obstinate condolment, dares expresse  
 An impious stubbornness, 'tis unmanly grief,  
 ' It shews a will most incorrect to heaven,  
 ' A heart unfortified, or mind impatient,  
 ' An understanding simple and unschool'd :  
 ' For what we know must be, and is as common  
 ' As any the most vulgar thing to sense,  
 ' Why should we in our pievish opposition  
 ' Take it to heart ? fie, 'tis a fault to Heaven,  
 ' A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,  
 ' To reason most absurd, whose common theme  
 ' Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried  
 ' From the first coarse till he that died to day,  
 ' This must be so : we pray you throw to earth  
 This unprevailing woe, and think of us  
 As of a father : and let the world take note  
 You are the most immediate to our throne,  
 ' And with no less nobility of love  
 ' Than that which dearest father bears his son  
 ' Do I impart toward you for your intent  
 ' In going back to School to *Wittenberg* ;  
 ' It is most retrograde to our desire,  
 ' And we beseech you bend you to remain  
 ' Here in the chear and comfort of our eye,  
 Our chiefest Courtier, cousin, and our son.

*Queen.* Let not thy mother lose her prayers, *Hamlet.*

I pray thee stay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.

*Ham.* I shall in all my best obey you, Madam.

*King.* 'Tis a loving and a fair reply.

Be as our self in *Denmark*. Madam come,  
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*  
 Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof,  
 No jocund health that *Denmark* drinks to day  
 But the great Canon to the Clouds shall tell,  
 ' And the Kings rowse the Heaven shall bruit again,

Respeaking Earthly thunder : Come away. [ *Flourish*, *Exeunt all*,

*Ham.* O that this too too solid flesh would melt, [ *but Hamlet.*

Thaw and resolve it self into a dew,  
 Or that the everlasting had not fixt  
 His Cannon 'gainst self slaughter !  
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
 Seem to me all the uses of this world ?

'Tis an unweeded Garden,  
 That grows to Seed; things rank and gross in nature  
 Possess it meerly: that it should come thus,  
 But two Months dead, may not so much, not two;  
 So excellent a King,  
 So loving to my Mother,  
 That he permitted not the Winds of Heaven  
 Visit her Face too roughly:  
 She used to hang on him,  
 As if increase of Appetite had grown  
 By what it fed on; and yet within a Month,  
 Let me not think on't, Frailty thy Name is Woman,  
 "A little Month: or e'r those Shooes were old,  
 "With which she followed my poor Fathers Body,  
 "Like *Niobe* all Tears, why she,  
 "Heaven? a Beast that wants discourse of Reason  
 "Would have mourn'd longer, ,, Married with my Uncle,  
 My Fathers Brother; but no more like my Father  
 Than I to *Hercules*: within a month,  
 "E're yet the Salt of most unrighteous Tears  
 "Had left the flushing in her galled Eyes,  
 "She Married. O most wicked speed to post,  
 "With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!  
 "It is not, nor it cannot come to good.  
 "But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

*Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Barnardo.*

*Hor.* Hail to your Lordship

*Ham.* I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I forget my self.

*Hora.* The same my Lord, and your poor servant ever.

*Ham.* Sir my good friend, I'll change that name with you;  
 And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?

*Marcellus.*

*Mar.* My good Lord.

*Ham.* I am very glad to see you ( Good Even Sir )  
 But what make you from *Wittenberg*?

*Hora.* A Truant disposition, my good Lord.

*Ham.* I would not hear your Enemy say so,  
 Nor shall you do my Ear that violence  
 To be a witness of your own report

Against your self; I know you are no Truant;  
 But what is your affair in *Elfenour*?

We'll teach you here to drink e'r you depart.

*Hora.* My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funeral.

*Ham.* I prethee do not mock me fellow Student.

I think it was to my Mothers Wedding.

*Hor.* Indeed my Lord it follow'd hard upon.

*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the Funeral Bak'd-meats  
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables.  
Would I had met my dearest Foe in Heaven  
E're I had seen that day *Horatio*.

My Father, methinks I see my Father.

*Hora.* Where my Lord?

*Ham.* In my minds Eye *Horatio*.

*Hora.* I saw him once, he was a goodly King.

*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again.

*Hora.* My Lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

*Ham.* Saw who?

*Hora.* My Lord, the King your father.

*Ham.* The King my father!

*Hora.* Defer your admiration but a while  
With an attentive Ear, till I may deliver  
Upon the witness of these Gentlemen  
This wonder to you.

*Ham.* Pray let me hear.

*Hora.* Two nights together had these Gentlemen,  
*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*, on their Watch,  
" In the dead vast and middle of the night  
Been thus encountred: A Figure like your Father,  
And Armed exactly, *Cap-a-pe*,  
Appears before them, and with solemn march  
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walkt  
By their oppress'd and fear surprized eyes  
Within this Truncheons length, whilst they distill'd  
Almost to jelly with their fear,  
Stand dumb and speak not to him: this to me  
They did impart in dreadful secrecie,  
And I with them the third night kept the Watch.  
Whereas they had delivered, both in time,  
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,  
The apparition comes: "I knew your Father,  
" These hands are not more like.

*Ham.* But where was this?

*Mar.* My Lord upon the platform where we watcht.

*Ham.* Did you not speak to it?

*Hora.* My Lord, I did,

But answer made it none: yet once methought  
It lifted up its head, and did address



It self to motion, as it would speak ;  
But even then the morning Cock crew loud,  
And at the sound it thrunk in haste away,  
And vanisht from our sight.

*Ham.* 'Tis very strange.

*Hor.* As I do live, my honour'd Lord, 'tis true,  
And we did think it then our duty  
To let you know it.

*Ham.* Indeed Sirs but this troubles me,  
Hold you the Watch to night ?

*All.* We do my Lord.

*Ham.* Arm'd say you ?

*All.* Arm'd my Lord.

*Ham.* From top to toe ?

*All.* From head to foot.

*Ham.* Then saw you not his Face ?

*Hor.* O yes my Lord, he wore his Beaver up.

*Ham.* What ? Lookt he frowningly ?

*Hor.* A Countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

*Ham.* Pale or Red ?

*Hor.* Nay very pale.

*Ham.* And fixt his Eyes upon you ?

*Hor.* Most constantly.

*Ham.* I would I had been there.

*Hor.* It would have much amaz'd you.

*Ham.* Very like : Staid it long ?

*Hor.* While one with moderate haste might tell on hundred.

*Both.* Longer, longer.

*Hor.* Not when I saw't.

*Ham.* His Beard was grizled ?

*Hor.* It was as I have seen it in his life,  
A Sable Silver'd.

*Ham.* I will watch to night,  
Perchance 'twill walk again.

*Hor.* I warr'nt it will.

*Ham.* If it assume my noble Fathers Person  
I'll speak to it though Hell it self should gape  
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,  
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,  
Let it require your silence still,  
And whatsoever else shall hap to night,  
Give it an Understanding, but no Tongue ;  
I will requite your loves : So fare you well,  
Upon the platform 'twixt Eleven and Twelve

I'll visit you.

*All.* Our Duty to your Honour.

*Ham.* Your loves as mine to you; Farewel. [*Exeunt.* *Manet* Hamlet.]

My Fathers Spirit in Arms, all is not well

I doubt some foul play, would the night were come:

Till then sit still my Soul, foul deeds will rise,

Though all the Earth o'rwhelm them from Mens Eyes. [*Exit.*]

*Enter* Laertes, and Ophelia his Sister.

*Laer.* My necessaries are embark'd, farewell,

And Sister, as the Winds give benefit

“ And convey in assistant, „ Do not sleep,

But let me hear from you.

*Ophel.* Do you doubt that?

*Laert.* For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour,

Hold it a fashion, and a toy in Blood,

A Violet in the Youth, a prime of Nature,

Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting,

The perfume and suppliance of a minute:

No more.

*Ophel.* No more but so.

*Laer.* Think it no more.

“ For Nature creffant does not grow alone,

“ In Thews and Bulks, but as this Temple waxes,

“ The inward service of the Mind and Soul

“ Grows wide withal: perhaps he loves you now,

“ And now no foil nor cautel doth besmerch

“ The virtue of his Will; but you must fear

His Greatness weigh'd, his Will is not his own.

He may not, as inferior persons do,

Bestow himself: for on his choice depends

The safety and health of this whole state,

“ And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd

“ Unto the voice and yielding of that Body

“ Whereof he is the head; then if he says he loves you,

“ It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,

“ As he in his particular act and place

“ May give his saying deed; which is no further

“ Than the main voice of *Denmark* goes withal.

Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,

If with your credulous Ear you hear his Songs,

“ Or lose your Heart, or your chaste Treasure open

“ To his unmaistred importunity

Fear it *Ophelia*, fear it my dear Sister,

“ And keep you in the rear of your affection,

“ Out



" Out of the shot and danger of desire :  
 " The charest Maid is prodigal enough,  
 " If she unmask her beauty to the Moon:  
 " Virtue it self scapes not calumnious strokes ;  
 " The canker galls the Infant of the Spring  
 " Too oft before their Buttons be disclos'd,  
 " And in the Morn and liquid dew of youth  
 " Contagious blastments are most imminent.  
 " Be wary then, best safety lies in fear,  
 " Youth to it self rebels though none else near.

*Ophel.* I shall th' effect of this good Lesson keep  
 About my Heart: But good Brother,  
 Do not as some ungracious Pastors do,  
 Shew me the steep and thorny way to Heaven,  
 Whiles like a Libertine,  
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,  
 " And reaks not his own reed.

[Enter Polonius.]

*Laer.* O fear me not ;  
 I stay too long : " but here my Father comes,  
 " A double Blessing is a double Grace,  
 " Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

*Polo.* Yet here *Laertes*? aboard, aboard for shame,  
 " The Wind sits in the shoulder of your Sail,  
 " And you are staid for. There, my blessing with thee,  
 " And these few precepts in thy memory  
 " Look thou character: Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
 " Nor any unproportion'd thought his act :  
 " Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar :  
 " Those friends thou hast and their adoption tried,  
 " Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of Steel,  
 " But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
 " Of each new hatch't, unfledg'd courage : beware  
 " Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,  
 " Bear't that the opposer may beware of thee :  
 " Give every man thy Ear, but few thy Voice ;  
 " Take each mans censure, but reserve thy judgment :  
 " Costly thy Habit as thy Purse can buy,  
 " But not exprest in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;  
 " For the Apparel oft proclaims the Man,  
 " And they in *France* of the best rank and station,  
 " Are of a most select and generous, chief in that :  
 " Neither a borrower nor a lender, Boy,  
 " For Love oft loseth both it self and friend,  
 " And borrowing dulls the edge of Husbandry.

This

“ This above all, to thine own self be true,  
 “ And it must follow as the night to day,  
 “ Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
 “ Farewel, my Blessing season this in thee.

*Laer.* Most humbly I do take my leave my Lord.

*Pol.* The time invests you, go, your Servants tend.

*Laer.* Farewel *Ophelia*, and remember well

What I have said to you.

*Ophel.* 'Tis in my memory lockt,

And you your self shall keep the key of it.

*Laer.* Farewel.

[ Exit *Laertes*.

*Pol.* What is't *Ophelia* he hath said to you?

*Ophel.* So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

*Pol.* Marry well bethought.

'Tis told me he hath very oft of late

Given private time to you: and you your self

Have of your Audience been most free and bounteous.

If it be so, as so 'tis put on me,

And that in way of caution, I must tell you

You do not understand your self so clearly

As it behoves my Daughter, and your honour:

What is between you? Give me up the truth.

*Ophel.* He hath my Lord of late made many tenders  
 Of his affection to me.

*Pol.* Affection! Puh, you speak like a green Girl,  
 Unfist'd in such perilous circumstance:

Do you believe his Tenders, as you call them?

*Ophel.* I do not know, my Lord, what I should think.

*Pol.* Marry I will teach you, think your self a Baby.

That you have ta'n these Tenders for true pay,

Which are not sterling: Tender your self more dearly,

Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase)

Wrong it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

*Ophel.* My Lord, he hath importun'd me with Love  
 In honourable fashion.

*Pol.* I, fashion you may call it, go too, go too.

*Ophel.* And hath given countenance to his speech,  
 My Lord with almost all the holy vows of Heaven.

*Pol.* I, Springes to catch Woodcocks; I know  
 When the Blood burns how prodigally the Soul  
 Lends the Tongue Vows, “ These blazes Daughter,  
 “ Giving more Light than Heat; extinct in both,  
 “ Even in their promise, as it is a making,  
 “ You must not tak't for Fire: from this time

" Be something scancer of your Maiden presence,  
 " Set your intreatments at a higher rate  
 " Than a Command to parley ; for Lord Hamlet,  
 " Believe so much in him, that he is young,  
 " And with a larger tedder may he walk  
 " Than may be given you : in few Ophelia,  
 " Do not believe his Vows, for they are Brokers,  
 " Not of that Dye which their Investments shew,  
 " But meer implorators of unholy suits,  
 " Breathing like sanctified and pious Bonds,  
 " The better to beguile : This is for all,  
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth  
 Have you so slander any moments leisure,  
 As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet,  
 Look to't I charge you, come your ways.

Ophel. I shall obey my Lord.

[ Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The Air bites shrewdly, it is very cold.

Hora. It is a nipping, and an eager Air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hora. I think it lacks of Twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hora. I heard it not: it then draws near the season  
 Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walk. { A flourish of Trum-  
 What does this mean my Lord? } pets and Guns.

Ham. The King doth walk to night, and takes his rowse,  
 " Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up-spring reels,  
 And as he takes his Draughts of Rhenish down,  
 The Kettle Drum and Trumpet thus proclaim  
 The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a custom?

Ham. I marry is't,

But to my mind, though I am native here

And to the manner born, it is a custom

More honour'd in the breach than the observance:

" This heavy-headed revel East and West

" Makes us traduc'd and taxed of other Nations;

" They clepe us Drunkards, and with swinish phrase

" Soil our addition: and indeed it takes

" From our achievements, though perform'd at height,

" The pith and marrow of our attribute:

" So oft it chanceth in particular men,

" That for some vicious mole of Nature in them,

" As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,

(" Since



" Since Nature cannot chuse his origen )  
 " By their o'r-growth of some complexion,  
 " Oft breaking down the Pales and Forts of Reason ;  
 " Or by some habit that too much o'r-leavens  
 " The form of plausive mainers, that these Men  
 " Carrying I say the stamp of one defect,  
 " Being Natures Livery, or Fortunes Star,  
 " His Virtues else be they as pure as Grace,  
 " As infinite as Man may undergo,  
 " Shall in the general censure take corruption  
 " From that particular fault : the dram of Ease  
 " Doth all the noble substance of a doubt  
 " To his own scandal.

[ Enter Ghost.

*Hor.* Look my Lord, where it comes.

*Ham.* Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us !

" Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,  
 " Bring with thee Airs from Heaven, or Blasts from Hell,  
 " Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
 " Thou com'st in such a questionable shape  
 " That I will speak to thee ; I'll call thee *Hamlet*,  
 " King, Father, Roval *Dane* : O answer me,  
 " Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell  
 " Why thy canoniz'd bones hearfed in death  
 " Have burst their cerements : why the Sepulchre,  
 " Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd,  
 " Has op't his ponderous and marble jaws,  
 " To cast thee up again ? ,, What may this mean,  
 That thou dead Coarse again in compleat Steel  
 Revisit'st, thus the glimpses of the Moon,  
 Making night hideous, and we fools of Nature  
 So horridly to shake our disposition  
 With Thoughts beyond the reaches of our Souls ?  
 Say why is this ? Wherefore ? What should we do ?

[ Beckens.

*Hor.* It beckons you to go away with it,  
 As if it some impartment did desire  
 To you alone.

*Mar.* Look with what courteous action  
 It waves you to a remote ground,  
 But do not go with it.

*Hor.* No, by no means.

*Ham.* It will not speak, then I will follow it.

*Hor.* Do not my Lord.

*Ham.* Why ? What shall be the fear ?

I do not value my life :

And

And for my soul what can it do to that,  
Being a thing as immortal as it self?  
It waves me forth again, I'll follow it.

*Hor.* What if it tempt you toward the Floods, my Lord,  
Or to the dreadful border of the Cliff,  
" That bettels o're his Base into the Sea,  
And there assume some other form,  
" Which might deprive your Sovereignty of Reason,  
And draw you into madness? " Think of it,  
" The very place puts toys of desperation  
" Without more motive, into every Brain,  
" That looks so many fadoms to the Sea,  
" And hears it roar beneath.

*Ham.* It waves me still,  
" Go on, I'll follow thee.  
*Mar.* You shall not go, my Lord.

*Ham.* Hold off your hands.

*Hor.* Be rul'd, you shall not go.

*Ham.* My Fate cries out,  
And makes each petty Artery in this Body  
As hardy as the *Nemean* Lions Nerve:  
Still I am call'd; unhand me Gentlemen,  
I'll make a Ghost of him that lets me:

*Fay, away:* Go on I'll follow thee. [ *Exit Ghost and Hamlet.*

*Hor.* He grows desperate with imagination.

*Mar.* Let's follow, 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

*Hor.* To what issue will this come?

*Mar.* Something is rotten in the state of *Denmark.*

*Hor.* Heaven will discover it

" *Mar.* Nay let's follow him.

[ *Exeunt.*

*Enter Ghost and Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.

*Ghost.* Mark me.

*Ham.* I will.

*Ghost.* My hour is almost come,  
When I to sulphurous and tormenting Flames  
Must render up my self.

*Ham.* Alas poor Ghost.

*Ghost.* Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall unfold,

*Ham.* Speak, I am bound to hear

*Ghost.* So art thou to revenge what thou shalt hear.

*Ham.* What?

• *Ghost.* I am thy Fathers Spirit,

D

Doom'd

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,  
 And for the day confin'd to Fast in Fires,  
 Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature  
 Are burn't and purg'd away: But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
 Would harrow up thy Soul, freeze thy young Blood,  
 Make thy two Eyes like Stars start from their Spheres,  
 Thy knotted and combined Locks to part,  
 And each particular Hair to stand an end  
 Like Quills upon the fearful Porcupine:  
 But this eternal blazon must not be  
 To Ears of Flesh, and Blood: list, list, O list,  
 If thou didst ever thy dear Father love.

*Ham.* O Heaven!

*Ghost.* Revenge his foul and most unnatural Murder.

*Ham.* Murder!

*Ghost.* Murder most foul, as in the best it is;  
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

*Ham.* Haste me to know't, that I with wings as swift  
 As Meditation, or the thoughts of Love,  
 May fly to my revenge.

*Ghost.* I find thee apt;

“And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed  
 “That roots it self in ease on *Lethe's* Wharf,  
 “Wouldst thou not stir in this:,, Now *Hamlet* hear,  
 'Tis given out, that sleeping in my Garden  
 A Serpent stung me: so the whole Ear of *Denmark*  
 Is by a forged process of my death  
 Rankly abused: But know thou, noble Youth,  
 The Serpent that did sting thy Fathers heart  
 Now wears his Crown.

*Ham.* O my Prophetick Soul, my Uncle?

*Ghost.* I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,  
 “With Witchcraft of his Wits, with trait'rous Gifts,  
 “O wicked Wits, and Gifts that have the power  
 “So to seduce!,, won to his shameful Lust  
 The Will of my most seeming virtuous Queen.  
 O *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there  
 From me, whose love was of that dignity,  
 That it went hand in hand even with the Vow  
 I made to her in Marriage? And to decline  
 Upon a wretch, whose natural Gifts were poor  
 To those of mine “but Virtue, as it never will be mov'd

“Though



“ Though lewdness court it in a shape of Heaven,  
 “ So but though to a radiant angle link’t,  
 “ Will fort it self in a Celestial bed,  
 “ And prey on garbage.

But soft, methinks I scent the Morning Air,  
 Brief let me be: sleeping in my Garden,  
 My custom always of the afternoon,  
 Upon my secure hour thy Uncle to me stole  
 With juyce of cursed Hebona in a Vial,  
 And in the porches of my Ears did pour  
 The leprous distilment, whose effects  
 Hold such an enmity with Blood of Man,  
 That swift as Quicksilver it courses through  
 The natural Gates and Allies of the Body,  
 And with a sudden vigor it doth possess  
 “ And curd, like eager droppings into milk,  
 The thin and wholesome Blood; so did it mine,  
 And a most instant Tetter bark’t about  
 Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome Crust  
 All my smooth Body.

Thus was I sleeping, by a Brothers hand,  
 “ Of life of Crown, of Queen at once dispatcht,  
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my Sin,  
 “ Unnuzled, disappointed, un-aneald,  
 “ No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
 “ With all my imperfections on my head.

“ O horrible, O horrible, most horrible!  
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not,  
 Let not the Royal Bed of Denmark be  
 A couch for Luxury and damned Incest.  
 But howsoever thou pursuest this act,  
 Taint not thy Mind, nor let thy Soul design  
 Against thy Mother ought, leave her to Heaven,  
 And to those Thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
 To prick and sting her: Fare thee well at once,  
 The Glowworm shews the Morning to be near,  
 And ’gins to pale his uneffectual Fire:  
 Farewell, remember me.

“ *Ham.* O all you host of Heaven! O Earth! What else  
 “ And shall I couple Hell? O fie!., hold, hold my heart,  
 And you my Sinews grow not instant old,  
 But bear me strongly up; remember thee!  
 I, thou poor Ghost, whiles memory holds a seat  
 In this distracted Globe: Remember thee!

Yea, from the table of my Memory  
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
 All Registers of Books, all forms, and pressures past,  
 That Youth and Observation copied there,  
 And thy commandment all alone shall live  
 With in the Book and volume of my Brain,  
 Unmixt with baser matter; yes by Heaven.

O most pernicious Woman!

O villain, villain, smiling villain!

My Tables, Meet it is I set down,  
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;  
 At least I am sure it may be so in *Denmark*.  
 So Uncle there you are: now to my word,  
 It is farewell, remember me.

I have sworn't,

[ Enter *Horatio and Marcellus*.

*Hor.* My Lord, my Lord.

*Mar.* Lord *Hamlet*.

*Hor.* Heavens secure him.

*Ham.* So be it.

*Mar.* Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

*Ham.* Hillo, ho, ho boy, come and come

*Mar.* How is't my noble Lord?

*Ham.* O wonderful!

*Hor.* Good my Lord tell it.

*Ham.* No, you will reveal it.

*Hor.* Not I my Lord.

*Mar.* Nor I my Lord.

*Ham.* How say you then, would heart of Man once think it?

But you'll be secret.

*Both.* As death, my Lord.

*Ham.* There's never a villain

Dwelling in all *Denmark*,

But he's an arrant knave.

*Hor.* There needs no Ghost, my Lord, come from the Grave  
 To tell us this.

*Ham.* Why right, you are in the right,

And so without more circumstance at all

I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,

You as your business and desire shall point you,

For every man hath business and desire,

Such as it is, and for my own poor part

I will go pray.

*Hor.* These are but wild and windy words, my Lord.

*Ham.* I am sorry they offend you heartily,



Yes faith heartily.

*Hor.* There's no offence, my Lord.

*Ham.* Yes by *St. Patrick* but there is, *Horatio*,  
And much offence too: Touching this Vision here,  
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you;  
For your desire to know what is between us  
O're-master't as you may: and now good friends,  
As you are Friends, Scholars, and Souldiers  
Give me one poor request.

*Hor.* What is't, my Lord? we will.

*Ham.* Never make known what you have seen to night.

*Both.* My Lord we will not.

*Ham.* Nay but swear't.

*Hor.* In faith my Lord not I.

*Mar.* Nor I my Lord in faith.

*Ham.* Upon my Sword.

"*Mar.* We have sworn my Lord already.

"*Ham.* Indeed upon my Sword, indeed.

[ Ghost cries under the Stage.

*Ghost.* Swear.

*Ham.* Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so? art thou there true penny?  
Come on, you hear this fellow in the Sellaridge,  
Consent to swear.

*Hor.* Propose the Oath my Lord.

*Ham.* Never to speak of this that you have seen,  
Swear by my Sword.

*Ghost.* Swear.

*Ham.* *Hic & ubique*, then we'll shift our ground:  
Come hither Gentlemen  
And lay your hands again upon my Sword:  
Swear by my Sword,  
Never to speak of this that you have heard.

*Ghost.* Swear by his Sword.

*Ham.* Well said old Mole, canst thou work i'th Earth so fast?  
A worthy Pioneer, once more remove good friends

*Hor.* O day and night! but this is wondrous strange.

*Ham.* And therefore as a stranger give it welcome:  
There are more things in Heaven and Earth *Horatio*  
Than are dreamt of in your Philosophy: But come,  
Here as before; never, so help you mercy,  
(How strange or odd soe're I bear my self,)  
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet,  
To put an antick disposition on,  
That you at such times seeing me, never shall

With Arms encumbred thus, or Head thus shak't  
 Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,  
 As, well, well, we know, or we could and if we would,  
 Or if we list to speak, or there be, or if they might,  
 Or such ambiguous giving out, to note  
 That you know ought of me, this you must swear.  
 "So Grace and Mercy at your most need help you.

*Ghost.* Swear.

*Ham.* Rest, rest, perturbed Spirit. So Gentlemen  
 With all my love I do commend me to you,  
 And what so poor a man as *Hamlet* is  
 May do t'express his Love and friendship to you,  
 Shall never fail, let us go in together,  
 And still your Fingers on your Lips, I pray,  
 The time is out of joynt, O cursed spight  
 That ever I was born to set it right!  
 Nay come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

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## A C T II. S C E N E I.

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*Enter Polonius with his Man.*

"*Pol.* **G**ive him this Money, and these two Notes, *Reynaldo*.  
 "*Rey.* I will my Lord.

"*Pol.* You shall do marvellous wisely, good *Reynaldo*.

"Before you visit him to make inquiry

"Of his behaviour.

"*Rey.* My Lord I did intend it.

"*Pol.* Marry well said, very well said, look you Sir,

"Enquire me first what *Danckers* are in *Paris*,

"And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,

"What company, at what expence: and finding

"By this encompassment and drift of question.

"That they do know my Son, come you more near.

"Then your particular demands will touch it,

"Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,

"As thus, I know his Father, and his Friends,

"And in part him: Do you mark this *Reynaldo*?

"*Rey.* I, very well my Lord.

"*Pol.* And in part him, but you may say not well,

"But if it be he I mean he's very wild,

"Addicted so and so, and there put on him

[*What*]

“What forgeries you please, marry none so rank  
 “As may dishonour him, take heed of that;  
 “But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips  
 “As are companions noted and most known  
 “To Youth and Liberty.

“*Rey.* As gaming, my Lord.

“*Pol.* I, or Drinking, Fencing, Swearing,

“Quarrelling, Drabbing, you may go so far.

“*Rey.* My Lord, that would dishonour him.

“*Pol.* Faith, as you may season it in the charge.

“You must not put another scandal on him,

“That he is open to incontinency,

“That’s not my meaning, but breath his faults so quaintly,

“That they may seem the taints of Liberty,

“The flash and out-break of a fiery mind,

“A savageness in unreclaimed Blood

“Of general assault.

“*Rey.* But my good Lord.

“*Pol.* Wherefore should you do this?

“*Rey.* I my Lord, I would know that:

“Marry Sir, here’s my drift,

“And I believe it is a fetch of Wit.

“You laying these slight sullies on my Son,

“As ’twere a thing a little foil’d with working,

“Mark you your party in converse, he you would found;

“Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes

“The Youth you breath of guilty, be assur’d

“He closes with you in this consequence;

“Good Sir (or so) or Friend, or Gentleman,

“According to the phrase or the addition

“Of Man and Country.

“*Rey.* Very good my Lord.

“*Pol.* And then Sir does he this, he does: What was I about to say?

“By the Mass I was about to say something,

“Where did I leave?

“*Rey.* At closes in the consequence.

*Pol.* At closes in the consequence; I marry,

“He closes thus, I know the Gentleman,

“I saw him yesterday, or th’other day,

“Or then, or then, with such or such, and, as you say,

“There was he Gaming there, or took in’s rowze,

“There falling out at Tennis, or perchance

“I saw him enter such and such a house of sale,

“*Videlicet*, a Brothel, or so forth. See you now,

“Your



“Your Bait of Falshood takes this Carp of Truth,  
 “And thus do we of Wisdome and of reach,  
 “With windlesfes, and with essays of byas,  
 “By indirecTs find directions out :

“So by my former Lecture and Advice

“Shall you my Son. You have me, have you not ?

“*Rey.* My Lord I have.

“*Pol.* God buy ye, Fare ye well.

“*Rey.* Good my Lord.

“*Pol.* Observe his inclination in your self.

“*Rey.* I shall my Lord.

“*Pol.* And let him ply his Musick.

“*Rey.* Well my Lord.

[ *Exit Rey. Enter Ophelia.*

“*Pol.* Farewel. How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter ?

*Oph.* O my Lord my Lord, I have been so affrighted.

*Pol.* With what ?

*Oph.* My Lord, as I was reading in my Clofset,  
 Prince *Hamlet* with his Doublet all unbrac'd,  
 No Hat upon his Head, his Stockings loose,  
 “Ungartred, and down gyved to his Ankle,  
 Pale as his Shirt, his Knees knocking each other,  
 And with a look so piteous  
 As if he had been sent from Hell  
 To speak of horrors, he comes before me.

*Pol.* Mad for thy Love ?

*Oph.* My Lord I do not know,  
 But truly I do fear it.

*Pol.* What said he ?

*Oph.* He took me by the wrist and held me hard,  
 Then goes he to the length of all his Arm,  
 And with his other Hand thus o're his Brow  
 He falls to such perusal of my Face  
 As he would draw it : long staid he so,  
 At last, a little shaking of mine Arm,  
 And thrice his Head thus waving up and down,  
 He raised a sigh so piteous and profound  
 As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,  
 And end his Being : That done he lets me go,  
 And with his Head over his Shoulders turn'd  
 He seem'd to find his way without his Eyes ;  
 For out of doors he went without their helps,  
 And to the last bended their light on me.

*Pol.* Come, go with me, I will go seek the King,  
 This is the very extasie of Love,

“whose

' Whose violent property foregoes it self,  
 ' And leads the Will to desperate undertakings,  
 ' As oft as any passion under heaven  
 ' That does afflict our natures : I am sorry ;  
 What ? have you given him any hard words of late ?  
*Opb.* No my good Lord, but as you did command,  
 I did repel his letters, and deny'd  
 His access to me.

*Pol.* That hath made him mad :  
 ' I am sorry that with better heed and judgment  
 ' I had not coated him ; I fear'd he did but trifle,  
 ' And meant to wrack thee, but beshrew my jealousy ;  
 ' By heaven it is as proper to our age  
 ' To cast beyond our selves in our opinions,  
 ' As it is common for the younger sort  
 ' To lack discretion : ” Come, go with me to the King,  
 This must be known, which being kept close might move  
 More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.  
 Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Flourish.* Enter King, Queen, Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

*King.* Welcome good Rosencraus and Guildenstern,  
 Besides, that we did long to see you,  
 The need we have to use you did provoke  
 Our hasty sending Something you have heard  
 Of Hamlet's transformation, so call it ;  
 Sith nor th' exterior, nor the inward man  
 Resembles that it was : what it should be  
 More than his fathers death, that thus hath put him  
 So much from the understanding of himself  
 I cannot dream of : I entreat you both,  
 That being of so young days brought up with him,  
 ' And sith so neighbourhood to his youth and haviour,  
 That you vouchsafe your rest here in our Court  
 Some little time, so by your companies  
 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather  
 So much as from occasion you may glean,  
 Whether ought to us unknown afflicts him thus,  
 That lies within our remedy.

*Queen.* Good Gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,  
 And sure I am, two men there are not living  
 To whom he more adheres ; if it will please you  
 To shew us so much gentleness and good will,  
 As to employ your time with us a while  
 For the supply and profit of our hope,

E

Your

Your visitation shall receive such thanks  
As fits a Kings remembrance.

*Rof.* Both your Majesties

Might by the Sovereign power you have over us  
Put your dread pleasures more into command  
Than to intreaty.

*Guil.* But we both obey,  
And here give up our selves in the full bent  
To lay our service freely at your feet.

*King.* Thanks *Rofencraus*, and gentle *Guildenstern*.

“*Queen.* Thanks *Guildenstern*, and gentle *Rofencraus*.”

And I beseech you instantly to visit  
My too much changed son : go some of you  
And bring these Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

*Guil.* Heavens make our presence and our practices  
Pleasant and helpful to him.

*Queen.* Amen.

[*Exeunt Rof. and Guil.*

*Enter Polonius.*

‘*Pol.* Th’Embassadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,  
‘Are joyfully return’d.

‘*King.* Thou still hast been the father of good news.

‘*Pol.* Have I my Lord? I assure my good Liege

‘I hold my duty as I hold my soul,

‘Both to my God, and to my gracious King;

‘And ” I do think, or else this brain of mine

Hunts not the trial of policy so sure

As it has us’d to do, that I have found

The very cause of *Hamlet*’s lunacy.

*King.* O speak of that, that I do long to hear.

‘*Pol.* Give first admittance to the Embassadors.

‘My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

*King.* Thy self do grace to them, and bring them in.

‘He tells me, my dear *Gertrud*, he hath found

‘The head and source of all your sons distemper.

‘*Queen.* I doubt it is no other but the main,

‘His fathers death, and our hasty marriage.

*Enter Embassadors.*

‘*King.* Well, we shall sift him : welcome my good friends :

‘Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

‘*Vol.* Most fair return of greetings and desires :

‘Upon our first he sent out to suppress

‘His Nephews levies, which to him appear’d

‘To be a preparation ’gainst the *Pollack*,

‘But better lookt into, he truly found



' It was against your Highness; whereat griev'd  
 ' That so his sickness, age and impotence  
 ' Was falsely born in hand, sends out arrests  
 ' On *Fortinbras*, which he in brief obeys,  
 ' Receives rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,  
 ' Makes vow before his Uncle never more  
 ' To give th' assay of Arms against your Majesty :  
 ' Whereon old *Norway* overcome with joy  
 ' Gives him threescore thousand Crowns in annual fee,  
 ' And his Commission, to employ those Souldiers  
 ' So levied as before, against the *Pollack*,  
 ' With an entreaty herein further shown,  
 ' That it might please you to give quiet pass  
 ' Through your Dominions for this enterprize  
 ' On such regards of safety and allowance  
 As herein are set down.

' *King*. It likes us well,  
 ' And at our more considered time we'll read,  
 ' Answer, and think upon this business:  
 ' Mean time we thank you for your well took labor,  
 ' Go to your rest, at night wee'l feast together :  
 ' Most welcome home.

[*Exeunt Embassadors.*]

' *Pol.* This business is well ended.  
 My Liege and Madam, to expostulate  
 What Majesty should be, what duty is,  
 Why day is day, night night, and time is time,  
 Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time;  
 Therefore brevity is the soul of wit,  
 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes :  
 I will be brief : your noble son is mad,  
 Mad call I it ? for to define true madness,  
 What is't but to be nothing else but mad ?  
 But let that go.

*Queen.* More matter with less art.

' *Pol.* Madam, I swear I use no art at all,  
 That he's mad, 'tis true, 'tis true, 'tis pity,  
 And pity 'tis 'tis true, a foolish figure,  
 But farewell it, for I will use no art :  
 Mad let us grant him then, and now remains  
 That we find out the cause of this effect,  
 Or rather say the cause of this defect,  
 For this effect defective comes by cause :  
 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.  
 Consider.



I have a daughter, have while she is mine,  
 Who in her duty and obedience, mark,  
 Hath given me this ; now gather and surmise.

[Reads.

*To the Celestial and my souls Idol, the most beautified Ophelia.  
 That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase ; beautified is a vile phrase : but you  
 shall hear, thus in her excellent white bosom, These, &c.*

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her ?

Pol. Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithful.

*Doubt thou the Stars are fire,  
 Doubt that the Sun doth move,  
 Doubt truth to be a lyar,  
 But never doubt I love.*

Letter.

*O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I have not art to reckon  
 my groans ; but that I love thee best, O most best believe it : adieu.  
 Thine evermore, most dear Lady, whilst this machine is to him,*

Hamlet.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter shewn me,  
 And more concerning his solicitings,  
 As they fell out by time, by means, and place,  
 "All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his love ?

Pol. What do you think of me ?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so, but what might you think

'When I had seen this hot love on the wing ?

'As I perceiv'd it (I must tell you that)

'Before my daughter told me ; what might you

Or my dear Majesty your Queen here think,

If I had plaid the Desk, or Table-book,

'Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,

Or lookt upon this love with idle sight,

What might you think ? no, I went round to work,

And my young Mistress thus I charg'd :

Lord Hamlet is a Prince above thy sphere,

This must not be : and then I precepts gave her,

That she should lock her self from his resort,

Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.

Which done, she took the fruits of my advice ;

And he repell'd, a short tale to make,

Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,

'Thence to a watch, then into a weakness,

Thence to a lightness, and by this declension

Into the madness wherein he now raves,

And all we mourn for.

King.

*King.* Do you think 'tis this?

*Queen.* It may be very likely.

*Pol.* Hath there been such a time, I would fain know that,  
That I have positively said, 'tis so,  
When it prov'd otherwise?

*King.* Not that I know.

*Pol.* Take this from this, if this be otherwise,  
If circumstances lead me, I will find  
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed  
Within the centre.

*King.* How may we try it further?

*Pol.* Sometimes he walks four hours together  
Here in the Lobby.

*Queen.* So he does indeed,

*Pol.* At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him,  
Be you and I behind the Arras then,  
Mark the encounter; if he love her not,  
And be not from his reason fal'n thereon,  
Let me be no assistant for a State,  
But keep a Farm and Carters.

*King.* We will try it.

[Enter Hamlet.

*Queen.* But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

*Pol.* Away, I do beseech you both away, [Exit King and Queen.  
I'll board him presently. Oh give me leave.

'How does my good Lord Hamlet?

'*Ham.* Excellent well.

*Pol.* Do you know me, my Lord?

'*Ham.* Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

*Pol.* Not I, my Lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.

*Pol.* Honest, my Lord?

*Ham.* I Sir, to be honest, as this World goes,  
Is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand.

*Pol.* That's very true, my Lord.

*Ham.* For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good  
kissing carrion. Have you a daughter?

*Pol.* I have my Lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walk i'th' Sun, conception is a blessing.  
But as your daughter may conceive, Friend, look to it.

*Pol.* How say you by that? still harping on my Daughter, yet he  
knew me not at the first but said I was a fish-monger, he is far gone; &  
truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love, very near this:  
I'll speak to him again. What do you read my Lord?

*Ham.* Words, words, words.



*Pol.* What is the matter, my Lord?

*Ham.* Between who?

*Pol.* I mean the matter that you read, my Lord.

*Ham.* Slanders Sir; for the Satyrical Rogue says here, that old men have gray beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick Amber, and Plum-tree Gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams; all which Sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down, for your self Sir shall grow old, as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

*Pol.* Though this be madness, yet there is method in't: will you walk out of the air, my Lord?

*Ham.* Into my Grave?

*Pol.* Indeed that's out of the air; how pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which "reason and sanctity could not so happily be delivered of." I will leave him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leave of you.

*Ham.* You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more willingly part withal, except my life, except my life, except my life.

*Enter Guildenstern and Rosencraus.*

*Pol.* Fare you well, my Lord.

*Ham.* These tedious old fools.

*Pol.* You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

*Ros.* Save you Sir.

*Guil.* My honored Lord.

*Ros.* My most dear Lord.

*Ham.* My excellent good Friends, how dost thou *Guildenstern*?  
Ah *Rosencraus*, good lads, how do you both?

*Ros.* As the indifferent children of the Earth.

*Guil.* Happy in that we are not ever happy on Fortunes cap,  
"We are not the very button.

*Ham.* Nor the soles of her shoe.

*Ros.* Neither, my Lord.

*Ham.* Then you live about her waste, or in the middle of her

*Guil.* Faith her privates we. (favors.

*Ham.* In the secret parts of fortune, oh most true, she is a strumpet." What news?

*Ros.* None my Lord, but the Worlds grown honest.

*Ham.* Then is Doomf-day near: sure your news is not true.  
But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elfenour*?

*Ros.* To visit you, my Lord, no other occasion.

*Ham.* Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks, but I thank you, "and sure, dear Friends, my thanks are too dear a half penny:"  
were you not sent for? is it your own inclining? is it a free visita-  
tion?

tion? come, come, deal justly with me, come, come, nay speak.

*Guil.* What should we say, my Lord?

*Ham.* Any thing, but to th' purpose you were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.

*Rof.* To what end, my Lord?

*Ham.* That you must teach me: but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowships, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever preferred love, and by what more dear a better proposer can charge you withal, be even and direct with me whether you were sent for or no.

*Rof.* What say you?

*Ham.* Nay then I have an eye of you, if you love me hold not off.

*Guil.* My Lord, we were sent for.

*Ham.* I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecie to the King and Queen moult no feather: I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of Exercises; "and indeed, it goes so heavily "with my disposition," that this goodly frame the Earth seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy the Air, look you, this brave ore-hanged Firmament, this majestical Roof fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foul and pestilent Congregation of vapors. What a piece of Work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension, the beauty of the World, the paragon of Animals; and yet to me what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

*Rof.* My Lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

*Ham.* Why did ye laugh then, when I said, man delights not me?

*Rof.* To think, my Lord, if you delight not in man, what Lenten entertainment the Players shall receive from you, we met them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

*Ham.* He that plays the King shall be welcome, his Majesty shall have tribute of me, the adventurous Knight shall use his foil and target, the Lover shall not sigh *gratis*, the humorous man shall end his part in peace, and the Lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank Verse shall halt for't. What Players are they?

*Rof.* Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the City.

*Ham.* How chances it they travel? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both ways.



*Rof.* I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

*Ham.* Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? are they so followed?

*Rof.* No indeed they are not.

*Ham.* It is not very strange; for my Uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred duckets a piece for his Picture in little: there is something in this more than natural, if Philosophy could find it out. [A Flourish.]

*Guil.* Shall we call the Players?

*Ham.* Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elsenour*, your hands: come then, th' appurtenance of welcome is Fashion and Ceremony, let me comply with you in this garb, "lest my extent to the Players, ' which I tell you must shew fairly outwards, should more appear ' like entertainment than yours; you are welcome:" but my Uncle-father, and Aunt-mother are deceived.

*Guil.* In what, my dear Lord?

*Ham.* I am but mad North-North-west, when the wind is Southerly I know a hawk from a hand saw. [Enter Polonius.]

*Pol.* Well be with you Gentlemen.

*Ham.* Hark you *Guildenstern*, and you too, at each ear a hearer, that great baby as you see is not yet out of his swadling-clouts.

*Rof.* Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child

*Ham.* I will prophesie that he comes to tell me of the Players, mark it: You say right Sir, a Monday morning 'twas then indeed.

*Pol.* My Lord, I have news to tell you.

*Ham.* My Lord I have news to tell you: when *Rossius* was an Actor in *Rome*.

*Pol.* The Actors are come hither my Lord.

*Ham.* Buz, buz.

*Pol.* Upon mine honour.

*Ham.* Then came each Actor on his Ass.

*Pol.* The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral, Pastoral-Comical, Historical-Pastoral Scene, indivisible, or Poem unlimited: *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light for the law of wit and the liberty; these are the only men.

*Ham.* O *Jeptha* Judge of *Israel*, what a treasure hadst thou?

*Pol.* What a treasure had he my Lord?

*Ham.* Why one fair daughter and no more, the which he loved passing well.

*Pol.* Still on my daughter.

*Ham.* Am I not i'th' right old *Jeptha*?

*Pol.* What



*Pol.* What follows then my Lord?

“*Ham.* Why as by lot God wot, and then you know it came to pass, as most like it was: “the first row of the Rubrick will shew you more, for look where my abridgement comes.

*Enter Players.*

*Ham.* You are welcome Masters, welcome all, “I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends; „ Oh old friends! why thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in *Denmark*? What my young Lady and Mistriis! my Lady your Ladyship is nearer to Heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a Chopine, I wish your voice, like a piece of uncurrant Gold, be not crackt within the ring: Masters you are all welcome, we'll e'ne to't like friendly Faulkeners, fly at any thing we see, we'll have a speech frait, come give us a taste of your quality, come a passionate Speech.

*Player.* What Speech my good Lord?

*Ham.* I heard thee speak me a Speech once, but it was never acted, or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember pleased not the Million, 'twas a caviary to the general, “but It was as I received it and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in “the top of mine, an excellent Play, well digested in the Scenes, set “down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said “there were no Sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor “no matter in the phrase that might indite the Author of affection, “but call'd it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very “much more handsome than fine; „ one Speech in't I chiefly loved, 'twas *Aeneas* talkt to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially when he speaks of *Primus* slaughter, if it live in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pyrrhus* like th' *Hircanian* Beast, 'tis not it begins with *Pyrrhus*. The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose fable Arms,

Black as his purpose did the night resemble,  
 “When he lay couched in the ominous horse,  
 “Hath now his dread and black complexion smear'd  
 “With Heraldry more dismal head to foot:  
 “Now is he total Gules, horridly trickt  
 “With Blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sons,  
 “Bak'd and embasted with the parching streets,  
 “That lend a tyrannous and a damned light  
 “To their Lords murder. roasted in Wrath and Fire,  
 “And thus o' e-cis'd with coagulate gore,  
 “With Eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*  
 “Old Grandfire *Priam* seeks; so proceed you.

*Pol.* My Lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion,  
So proceed.

*Play.* Anon he finds him

Striking too short at *Greeks*, his antick sword  
Rebellious to his Arm, lies where it falls.  
Repugnant to Command; unequal match,  
*Pyrrhus* at *Priam* drives, in rage strikes wide,  
But with the whiff and wind of his fell Sword,  
Th' unnerved Father falls.

“ Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top  
“ Stoops to his Base, and with a hideous crash  
“ Takes prisoner *Pyrrhus* Ear: for loe his Sword,  
“ Which was declining on the milky head  
“ Of reverend *Priam* seem'd i'th' Air to stick,  
“ So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,  
“ Like a neutral to his Will and Matter,  
“ Did nothing :

But as we often see against some storm,  
A silence in the Heavens, the Racks stand still,  
The bold Wind speechless, and the Orb below  
As hush as death, anon the dreadful Thunder  
Doth rend the region: So after *Pyrrhus* pause,  
A roused Vengeance sets him new a work,  
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall,  
On *Mars* his Armour, forg'd for proof Etern,  
With less remorse than *Pyrrhus* bleeding Sword  
Now falls on *Priam*.

Out, out, thou strumpet! “ all you gods  
“ In general Synod take away her power,  
“ Break all the spokes and felloes from her wheel,  
“ And bowl the round Nave down the hill of Heaven,  
“ As low as to the Fiends.

*Pol.* This is too long.

*Ham.* It shall to the Barbers with your Beard: prethee say on,  
he's for a Jig, or a Tale of Bawdry, or he sleeps; say on, come to  
*Hecuba*.

*Pla.* But who alas had seen the mobled Queen.

*Ham.* The mobled Queen!

*Pol.* That's good.

*Play.* Run bare-foot up and down, threatening the flames,  
A clout upon that Head  
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe,  
About her lank and all'o're-teamed Loins,  
A Blanket in the alarm of Fear caught up.

Who



Who this had seen, with tongue in venome steep,  
 'Gainst Fortunes state would Treason have pronounc'd:  
 "But if the gods themselves did see her then,  
 ' When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport  
 ' In mincing with his sword her husbands limbs,  
 ' The instant burst of clamor that she made,  
 ' Unless things mortal move them not at all,  
 ' Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,  
 ' And passion in the gods.

*Pol.* Look where he has not turned his colour, and has tears in's eyes: prethee no more.

*Ham.* 'Tis well, I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon. Good my Lord will you see the Players well bestowed, do you hear, let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad Epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

*Pol.* My Lord I will use them according to their desert.

*Ham.* Much better, use every man after his desert, and who shall scape whipping? use them after your own honor and dignity, the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty: Take them in.

*Pol.* Come sirs.

*Ham.* Follow him friends; we'll hear a Play to morrow; doest thou hear me old friend, can you play the murder of *Gonzago*?

*Play.* I my Lord.

*Ham.* We'll have it to morrow night: you could for need study a speech of some dozen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

*Pol.* I my Lord.

*Ham.* Very well: follow that Lord, and look you mock him not. My good friends, I le leave you till night, you are welcome to *El-senour*.

[*Exeunt Pol. and Players.*  
 [*Exit.*]

*Ref.* Good my Lord.

*Ham.* I so; God buy to you; now I am alone.

O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!  
 Is it not monstrous that this Player here  
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
 Could force his soul so to his own conceit,  
 That from her working all the visage wand,  
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,  
 A broken voice, and his whole function futing  
 With forms to his conceit, and all for nothing,  
 For *Hecuba*?  
 What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,  
 That he should weep for her? what would he do

Had he the motive, and that for passion  
 That I have? he would "drown the Stage with tears,  
 "And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,  
 Make mad the guilty and appeal the free,  
 "Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed  
 "The very faculties of eyes and ears; yet I,  
 "A dull and muddy metled raskal, peak  
 "Like *Jobn-a-dreams*, unpregnant of my cause,  
 "And can say nothing, no not for a King,  
 "Upon whose property and most dear life  
 "A damn'd defeat was made: am I a coward?  
 "Who calls me villain, breaks my pate across,  
 "Plucks of my beard, and blows it in my face,  
 "Twekes me by th' nose, gives me the lye i'th' throat  
 "As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?  
 "Hah s'wounds I should take it, for it cannot be  
 But I am Pigeon liver'd, and lack gall  
 To make oppression bitter, or e're this  
 I should have fatted all the region Kites  
 With this slaves offal: "bloody, bawdy villain,  
 "Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain.  
 "Why what an afs am I? this is most brave,  
 "That I the son of a dear father murdered,  
 "Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,  
 "Must like a whore unpack my heart with words,  
 "And fall a cursing like a very drab, stallion, fie upon't, foh.  
 "About my brains," hum, I have heard  
 That guilty creatures sitting at a Play  
 Have by the very cunning of the Scene  
 Been strook so to the soul, that presently  
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions:  
 For murder though it have no tongue will speak  
 "With most miraculous organ." I'll have these Players  
 Play something like the murder of my father  
 Before mine Uncle: I'll observe his looks,  
 "I'll tent him to the quick, if he do blench  
 "I know my course." The Spirit that I have seen  
 May be a Devil, and the Devil hath power  
 T'assume a pleasing shape, "yea and perhaps  
 "Out of my weakness and my melancholy,  
 "As he is very potent with such spirits,  
 "Abuses me to damn me:" I'll have grounds  
 More relative than this, the Play's the thing  
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.

[Exit.  
ACT.



## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus,  
Guildenstern, Lords.*

*King.* AND can you by no drift of conference  
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,

“Grating so harshly all his days of quiet

“With turbulent and dangerous lunacy ?

*Ros.* He does confess he feels himself distracted,  
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

*Guil.* Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,  
But with a crafty madness keeps aloof

“When we would bring him on to some confession

“Of his true estate.

*Queen.* Did he receive you well ?

*Ros.* Most civilly.

*Guil.* But with much forcing of his disposition.

*Ros.* Unapt to question ; but of our demands  
Most free in his reply.

*Queen.* Did you invite him to any pastime ?

*Ros.* Madam, It so fell out that certain Players  
We o're-took on the way : of these we told him,  
And there did seem in him a kind of joy  
To hear of it ; they are here about the Court,  
And as I think they have already order  
This night to play before him.

*Pol.* 'Tis most true,  
And he beseecht me to entreat your Majesties  
To hear and see the matter.

*King.* With all my heart,  
And it doth much content me,  
To hear him so inclin'd :  
Good Gentlemen give him a further edge,  
And urge him to these delights.

*Ros.* We shall my Lord.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guild.*]

*King.* Sweet Gertrard leave us two,  
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,  
That he as 'twere by accident may meet  
*Ophelia* here ; her father and my self,  
Will so bestow our selves, that seeing and unseen

We

We may of their encounter judge,  
 ' And gather by him as he is behav'd.  
 If't be the affliction of his Love or no  
 ' That thus he suffers for.

*Queen.* I shall obey you :  
 And for my part *Ophelia* I do wish  
 That your good beauties be the happy cause  
 Of *Hamlet's* wildness, so shall I hope your virtues  
 Will bring him to his wonted way again,  
 To both your honors.

*Ophel.* Madam, I wish I may.

*Pol.* *Ophelia* walk you here whil't we  
 (If so your Majesty shall please) retire conceal'd ; " read on this  
 ' That shew of such an exercise may colour (Book,  
 ' Your loneliness : we are oft to blame in this,  
 ' 'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotions visage,  
 ' And pious action we do sugar o're  
 ' The Devil himself.

*King.* O 'tis too true :  
 ' How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience !  
 ' The harlots cheek beautified with plaistring art,  
 ' Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,  
 ' Than is my deed to my most painted word :  
 ' O heavy burden ! "

[Enter Hamlet.

*Pol.* I hear him coming, withdraw my Lord.

*Ham.* To be or not to be, that is the question,  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
 Or to take arms against a Sea of troubles,  
 And by opposing end them : to die to sleep  
 No more ; and by a sleep to say we end  
 The heart-ake, and the thousand natural shocks  
 That flesh is heir to ; 'tis a consummation,  
 Devoutly to be wisht, to die to sleep,  
 To sleep perchance to dream, I there's the rub.  
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil  
 Must give us pause, there's the respect  
 That makes calamity of so long life :  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 Th'oppressors wrong, the proud mans contumely,  
 The pangs of despised love, and the laws delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,

When

Whenas himself might his *Quietus* make  
 With a bare Bodkin? Who would fardels bear,  
 To groan and sweat under a weary life?  
 But that the dread of something after death,  
 The undiscover'd Countrey, from whose born  
 No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of.

Thus Conscience does make Cowards,  
 And thus the healthful face of Resolution  
 Shews sick and pale with Thought:  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action. Soft you now,  
 The fair *Ophelia*, Nymph in thy Orizons  
 Be all my Sins remembered?

*Opbel.* Good my Lord,  
 How does your Honour for this many a day?

*Ham.* I humbly thank you, well.

*Opbel.* My Lord I have remembrances of yours,  
 That I have longed to re-deliver,  
 I pray you now receive them.

*Ham.* No, not I, I never gave you ought.

*Opbel.* My honoured Lord, you know right well you did,  
 And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd  
 As made these things more rich: their perfume lost,  
 Take these again, for to the noble mind  
 Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.  
 There my Lord.

*Ham.* Ha, ha, are you honest?

*Opbel.* My Lord.

*Ham.* Are you fair?

*Opbel.* What means your Lordship?

*Ham.* That if you be honest and fair, you should admit no dis-  
 course to your beauty.

*Opbel.* Could Beauty, my Lord have better commerce  
 Than with Honesty?

*Ham.* I truly, for the power of Beauty will sooner transform ho-  
 nesty from what it is to a Bawd, than the force of honesty can tran-  
 slate Beauty to his likeness: this was sometime a Paradox, but now  
 the time gives it proof. I did love you once,

*Opbel.* Indeed my Lord you made me believe so.

*Ham.* You should not have believed me, for Virtue cannot so  
 evacuate our old stock but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

*Opbel.*



*Ophel.* I was the more deceived.

*Ham.* Get thee to a Nunnery, why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am my self indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had not born me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: What should such fellows as I do crawling between Earth and Heaven? we are arrant knaves, believe none of us, go thy ways to a Nunnery? Where's your Father?

*Ophel.* At home my Lord.

*Ham.* Let the doors be shut upon him,  
That he may play the fool no where but in's own house:  
Farewel.

*Ophel.* O help him you sweet heavens.

*Ham.* If thou dost Marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy Dowry, be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not escape calumny, get thee to a Nunnery, farewel. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, Marry a fool, for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them: to a Nunnery go, and quickly too, farewel.

*Ophel.* Heavenly powers restore him.

*Ham.* I have heard of your paintings well enough: Nature hath given you one Face, and you make your selves another, you jig and amble, and you lisp, you nick-name Heavens creatures, and make your Wantonness your ignorance; go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad: I say we will have no more Marriages, those that are married already all but one shall live, the rest shall keep as they are: to a Nunnery go. [Exit.

*Ophel.* O what a noble mind is here o'rethrown!  
The Courtiers, Souldiers, Scholars, Eye, Tongue, Sword,  
Th' expectation and Rose of the fair state,  
The Glasse of Fashion, and the Mould of Form,  
Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down,  
And I of Ladies most deject and wretched,  
' That suckt the Honey of his Musick vows;  
Now see that Noble and most Sovereign Reason  
Like sweet Bells jangled out of tune and harsh,  
That unmatched form and stature of blown youth  
Blatied with extatic, O woe is me  
T'have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

[Exit.

*Enter King and Polonius.*

*King.* Love! his Affections o not that way tend,  
For what he spake, though it lack Form a little,  
Was not like madness, there's something in his Soul  
O're which his melancholy sits on brood,

And

And I doubt the hatch and the disclose  
 Will be some danger, which to prevent  
 I have in quick determination  
 Thus set down: he shall with speed to *England*,  
 For the demand of our neglected tribute:  
 Haply the Seas and Countries different,  
 With variable objects shall expel  
 This something setled matter in his heart,  
 Whereon his brains still beating,  
 Puts him thus from fashion of himself.  
 What think you on't?

*Pol.* It shall do well:

But yet I do believe the origin and commencement of it  
 Sprung from neglected love: how now *Ophelia*?  
 You need not tell us what Lord *Hamlet* said,  
 We heard it all: my Lord do as you please,  
 But if you hold it fit, after the Play  
 Let his Queen-mother all alone intreat him  
 To show his gift; "let her be round with him,"  
 And I'll be plac'd (so please you) in the ear  
 Of all their conference: if she find him not,  
 To *England* send him, or confide where  
 Your wisdom best shall think.

*King.* It shall be so,

Madness in great ones must not unwatcht go.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Hamlet and three of the Players.*

"*Ham.* Speak the speech I pray you as I pronounc'd it to you  
 "smoothly from the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our  
 "Players do, I had as lieve the Town-crier spoke my lines: nor  
 "do not saw the Air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gent-  
 "ly; for in the very-torrent tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind  
 "of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that  
 "may give it smoothness: O it offends me to the soul to hear a ro-  
 "bustous Periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to very rags, to split  
 "the ears of the ground-lings, who for the most part are capable  
 "of nothing but inexplicable dumb shews and noise: I would have  
 "such a fellow whipt for o're-doing *Termagant*, it out-*Herods*  
 "*Herod*, pray you avoid it.

"*Pla.* I warrant your honour.

"*Ham.* Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be  
 "your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action,  
 "with this special observance, that you o're-step not the modesty  
 "of Nature: for any thing so o're-done is from the purpose of Play-  
 "ing, whose end both at first, and now, was, and is, to hold as'twere

" the mirror up to nature, to shew vertue her feature, scorn her  
 " own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and  
 " preflure : now this over-done, or come tardy of, tho' it makes  
 " the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve ; the  
 " censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'r-weigh a whole  
 " Theatre of others. O there be Players that I have seen play, and  
 " heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely,  
 " that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gate of  
 " Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that  
 " I have thought some of Natures Journey-men had made men,  
 " and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

" *Play.* I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

" *Ham.* O reform it altogether, and let those that play your  
 " Clowns speak no more than is set down for them, for there be  
 " of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of  
 " barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some  
 " necessary Question of the Play be then to be considered : that's  
 " villanous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in the Fool that  
 " uses it: go, make you ready. " How now, my Lord? " will  
 the King hear this piece of work ?

*Enter Polonius, Guildenstern, and Rosencraus.*

*Pol.* And the Queen too, and that presently. (them ?)

*Ham.* Bid the Players make haste. Will you two help to hasten

*Ros.* I, my Lord.

[*Exeunt those two.*]

*Ham.* What ho, *Horatio* ?

[*Enter Horatio.*]

*Horat.* Here my Lord, at your service.

*Ham.* *Horatio*, thou art e'en as just a man  
As e'r my conversation met withal.

*Horat.* O my dear Lord !

*Ham.* Nay, do not think I flatter,  
 For what advancement may I hope from thee,  
 That hast no revenue but thy good spirits  
 To feed and clothe thee ? Why should the poor be flattered ?  
 " No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,  
 " And crook the pregnant Hinges of the Knee,  
 " Where thrift may follow fawning, doest thou hear ?  
 Since my dear Soul was Mistrefs of her choice,  
 And could of men distinguish her Election,  
 Sh' ath seal'd thee for her self: for thou hast been  
 As one in suffering all that suffers nothing ;  
 " A man that fortunes buffets and rewards  
 " Hast ta'n with equal thanks: and blest are those  
 " Whose blood and judgment are so well commedled  
 " That they are not a pipe for fortunes finger.



“ To sound what stops she please : ” give me that man,  
 That is not passions Slave, and I will wear him  
 In my hearts Core, I, in my heart of hearts  
 As I do thee. Something too much of this :  
 There is a Play to night before the King,  
 One Scene of it comes near the circumstance  
 Which I have told thee of my Fathers death ;  
 I prethee when thou seeft that Act on foot  
 Even with the very Comment of thy soul  
 Observe my Uncle : if then his hidden guilt  
 Do not it self discover in one speech,  
 It is a damned Ghost that we have seen,  
 “ And my imaginations are as foul  
 “ As *Vulcan’s* stithy : ” give him heedful note.  
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,  
 And after we will both our judgments joyn  
 In censure of his seeming.

*Hor.* Well my Lord,  
 If he steal ought the whilst this Play is playing  
 And scape detection, I will pay the theft.

*Enter Trumpets and Kettle-Drums, King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia.*

*Ham.* They are coming to the Play, I must be idle.  
 Get you a place.

*King.* How fares our Cousen *Hamlet* ?

*Ham.* Excellent i’ faith,  
 Of the Chamelion’s Dish I eat the Air,  
 Promise cram’d, you cannot feed Capons so.

*King.* I have nothing with this Answer, *Hamlet*,  
 These words are not mine.

*Ham.* No, nor mine now my Lord.

You play’d once in the University you say ?

*Pol.* That did I, my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

*Ham.* What did you enact ?

*Pol.* I did enact *Julius Caesar*, I was kill’d i’ th’ Capitol,  
*Brutus* kill’d me.

*Ham.* It was a brute part of him to kill so Capital a Calf there.  
 Be the Players ready ?

*Ros.* I my Lord, they wait upon your patience.

*Gert.* Come hither my dear *Hamlet*, sit by me.

*Ham.* No, good Mother, here’s metal more attractive.

*Pol.* O ho, do you mark that ?

*Ham.* Lady, shall I lye in your lap ?

*Ophel.* No, my Lord.

*Ham.* Do you think I mean Country-matters ?

" Ophel. I think nothing, my Lord.

" Ham. That's a fair thought to lye between Maids legs.

" Ophel. What is, my Lord?

" Ham. Nothing.

Ophel. You are merry, my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Ophel. I my Lord.

Ham. Your only Jig-maker, what should a man do but be merry: for look you how cheerfully my Mother looks, and my Father died within's two hours.

Ophel. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my Lord.

Ham. So long! nay then let the Devil wear black, for I'll have a Suit of fables: O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope a Great Man's memory may out-live his life half a year; but he must build Churches then, " or else " shall he suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for O, for O, the Hobby-horse is forgot.

*The Trumpets sound. Dumb shew follows.*

*Enter a King and a Queen, the Queen embracing him, and he her, he takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; he lies him down upon a Bank of Flowers, she seeing him asleep leaves him: anon comes in another man, takes off his Crown, kisses it, pours poyson in the Sleepers ears, and leaves him; the Queen returns, finds the King dead, makes passionate action; the Poysoner with some three or four comes in again, seem to condole with her, the dead Body is carried away, the Poysoner woes the Queen with Gifts, she seems harsh a while, but in the end accepts love.*

Ophel. What means this, my Lord?

Ham. It is munching Mallico, it means mischief.

Ophel. Belike this Shew imports the Argument of the Play.

" Ham. We shall know by this Fellow. [Enter Prologue.

The Players cannot keep, they'll shew all straight.

Othel. Will he shew us what this Shew meant?

Ham. I, or any Shew that you will shew him, be not a sham'd to shew; he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Ophel. You are naught, you are naught: I'll mark the Play.

Prologue. For us and for our Tragedy,

Here stooping to your clemency,

We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poesie of a Ring?

Ophel. 'Tis brief, my Lord.

Ham. As womans love.

*Enter King and Queen.*

King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus Carr gone round

" Neptune's



“*Neptune’s* salt wash, and *Tellus* orb’d the ground,  
 “ And thirty dozen Moons with borrow’d sheen  
 “ About the World have twelve times thirty been;  
 Since Love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands  
 Unite, infolding them in sacred Bands.

*Queen.* So many Journies may the Sun and Moon  
 Make us again count o’r e’re love be done:  
 But woe is me, you are so sick of late,  
 So far different from your former state,  
 That I distrust you; yet though I distrust,  
 Discomfort you, my Lord, it nothing must:  
 For Women fear too much, even as they love,  
 “ And Womens fear and love hold quantity,  
 “ Either none, in neither ought, or in extremity.  
 Now what my love has been, proof makes you know,  
 And as my love is great my fear is so:  
 Where love is great, the smallest doubts are fear;  
 Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

*King.* I must leave thee, Love, and shortly too,  
 My working powers their functions leave to do,  
 And thou shalt live in this fair World behind,  
 Honour’d, belov’d, and haply one as kind  
 For Husband shalt thou——

*Queen.* O confound the rest!  
 Such love must needs be treason in my breast.  
 In second Husband let me be accurst;  
 None wed the second but who kill’d the first;     [*Ham.* That’s  
 The instances that second Marriage move     [*Wormwood.*  
 Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:  
 “ A second time I kill my Husband dead  
 “ When second Husband kisses me in Bed.

*King.* I do believe you think what now you speak,  
 But what we do determine oft we break:  
 Purpose is but the Slave to memory,  
 Of violent birth and poor validity;  
 Which now like fruits unripe sticks on the Tree,  
 But fall unshaken when they mellow be.  
 Most necessary ’tis that we forget  
 To pay our selves what to our selves is debt;  
 What to our selves in passion we propose,  
 The passion ending doth the purpose lose;  
 “ The violence of either grief or joy  
 “ Their own enacters with themselves destroy;  
 “ Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament



" Grief joy, joy grieves on slender accident.  
 This World is not for aye, nor is it strange,  
 That even our loves should with our fortunes change :  
 For 'tis a Question left us yet to prove,  
 Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.  
 " The great man down, you mark his Favourite flies,  
 " The poor advanc'd makes Friends of Enemies :  
 " And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,  
 " For who not needs shall never lack a Friend,  
 " And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,  
 " Directly seasons him his Enemy.  
 " But orderly to end where I begun,  
 " Our wills and fates do so contrary run,  
 " That our devices still are overthrown :  
 " Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.  
 Think still thou wilt no second Husband wed  
 But thy thoughts dye when thy first Lord is dead.

*Queen.* Nor Earth to me give Food, nor Heaven light,  
 Sport and repose lock from me Day and Night,  
 " To desperation turn my trust and hope,  
 " And Anchors cheer in Prison be my scope,  
 " Each opposite that blanks the face of Joy,  
 " Meet what I would have well, and it destroy ;  
 Both here and hence pursue me lasting-strife, *[Ham. If he should*  
 If once I Widow be, and then a Wife. *[break it now.*

*King.* 'Tis deeply sworn : Sweet leave me here a while,  
 My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile  
 The tedious Day with sleep.

*Queen.* Sleep rock thy Brain,  
 And never come mischance between us twain. *[Exeunt.*

*Ham.* Madam, how like you this Play ?

*Queen.* The Lady doth protest too much methinks.

*Ham.* O but she'll keep her word.

*King.* Have you heard the Argument ? is there no offence in it ?

*Ham.* No, no, they do but jest, poyson in jest, no offence.

*King.* What do you call the Play ?

*Ham.* The Moufe-trap, marry how ? tropically. This Play is  
 the image of a murder done in Vienna, Gonzago is the Dukes name,  
 his Wife *Baptista*, you shall see anon, 'tis a knavish piece of work,  
 but what of that ? your Majesty and we shall have free souls, it  
 touches not us ; let the galled Jade winch, our withers are un-  
 wrung. This is one *Lucianus*, Nephew to the King. *[Enter Lu-*

*Ophel.* You are as good as a *Chorus*, my Lord. *[Cianus.*

*Ham.* I could interpret between you and your love,

If I could see the puppits dallying.

*Ophel.* You are keen my Lord, you are keen.

*Ham.* It would cost you a groaning to take off mine edge.

*Ophel.* Still worse and worse.

*Ham.* So you mistake your husbands. "Begin murtherer,  
"leave thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croakig Raven  
"doth bellow for revenge.

*Luc.* Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing,  
Considerate season, and no creature seeing,  
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,  
With *Hecats* bane thrice blasted, thrice infected,  
Thy natural magick, and dire property,  
On wholesome life usurps immediately.

*Ham.* He poisons him i'th' Garden for his estate, his name's  
*Gonzago*, the story is extant, and written in very choice Itali-  
an: you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the love of *Gon-  
zago's* Wife. *Ophel.* The King rises.

*Queen.* How fares my Lord?

*Pol.* Give o're the Play.

*King.* Give me some light, away.

*Pol.* Lights, lights, lights. [ *Exeunt all but Hamlet and Hora.*

*Ham.* Why let the stricken Deer go weep,  
The Hart ungalled go play,  
For some must watch whilst some must sleep,  
Thus runs the world away. "Would not this, Sir, and a forrest  
"of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me, with  
"provincial Roses on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a  
"City of Players?

*Hora.* Half a share.

*Ham.* A whole one I.

"For thou dost know O *Damon* dear,  
"This Realm dismantled was  
"Of *Jove* himself, and now reigns here  
"A very very Paicock.

*Hora.* You might have rim'd.

*Ham.* O good *Horatio*, I'll take the Ghosts word for a thou-  
sand pound. Didst perceive?

*Hora.* Very well my Lord.

*Ham.* Upon the talk of the poisoning.

*Hora.* I did very well note him.

*Ham.* Ah, ha, come some musick, come the Recordors,

"For if the King likes not the Comedy,

"Why then belike he likes it not perdie.

"Come, some musick.

*Enter*

*Enter Rosencraus and Guildenstern.*

*Guil.* Good my Lord vouchsafe me a word with you.

*Ham.* Sir, a whole History.

*Guil.* The King Sir.

*Ham.* I, Sir, what of him?

*Guil.* Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

*Ham.* With drink Sir?

*Guil.* No my Lord, with choler.

*Ham.* Your wisdom should shew it self richer to signifie this to the Doctor; for for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choler

*Guil.* Good my Lord, put your discourse into some frame, And start not so wildly from my business.

*Ham.* I am tame, Sir, pronounce.

*Guil.* The Queen your mother in most great affliction of spirit hath sent me to you.

*Ham.* You are welcome.

*Guil.* Nay, good my Lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed, if it shall please you to make me a wholsome answer, I will do your Mothers commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of the business.

*Ham.* Sir, I cannot.

*Ros.* What my Lord?

*Ham.* Make you a wholsome answer, my wit's discas'd, but Sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command, or rather as you say, my mother; therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

*Ros.* Then thus she says, your behaviour hath strook her into amazement and admiration.

*Ham.* O wonderful son that can thus astonish a mother! but is there no sequel at the heels of this mothers admiration? impart.

*Ros.* She desires to speak with you in her Closet ere you go to bed.

*Ham.* We shall obey, were she ten times our mother; have you any further trade with us?

*Ros.* My Lord, you once did love me.

*Ham.* And do still by these pickers and stealers.

*Ros.* Good my Lord, what is the cause of your distemper? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

*Ham.* Sir I lack advancement.

*Ros.* How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself for your succession in Denmark?

*Enter the Players with Recordors,*

*Ham.* I Sir, but while the grass grows; the Proverb is something



thing musty : oh the Recordors, let me see one, to withdraw with you ; why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil ?

*Guil.* O my Lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

*Ham.* I do not well understand that, will you play upon this pipe ?

*Guil.* My Lord, I cannot.

*Ham.* I pray you.

*Guil.* Believe me, I cannot.

*Ham.* I beseech you.

*Guil.* I know no touch of it, my Lord.

*Ham.* It is as easie as lying ; govern these ventages with your fingers and the thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musick : look you, these are the stops.

*Guil.* But these I cannot command to any utterance of harmony, I have not the skill.

*Ham.* Why, look you now how unworthy a thing you make of me, you would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note to my compass, and there is much musick, excellent voice in this little Organ, yet you cannot make it speak ; do you think I am easier to be plaid on than a pipe ? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

[Enter Polonius.

*Pol.* My Lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

*Ham.* do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel ?

*Pol.* 'Tis like a Camel indeed.

*Ham.* Methinks it is like a Weazel.

*Pol.* It is black like a Weazel.

*Ham.* Or like a Whale.

*Pol.* Very like a Whale.

*Ham.* Then I will come to my mother by and by ;  
They fool me to the top of my bent. " I will come by and by ;  
"Leave me friends.

" I will say so. By and by is easly said.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,

When Church-yards yawn, and hell it self breaths out

Contagion to the world : now could I drink hot blood,

And do such business as day it self

Would quake to look on : soft, now to my mother.

O heart lose not thy nature ! let not ever

The soul of *Nero* enter this firm bosom !

Let me be cruel, not unnatural.

I will speak Daggers to her, but use none,  
 " My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites ;  
 " How in my words soever she be shent,  
 " To give them seals never my soul consent.

[Exit.

*Enter King, Rosencraus and Guildenstern.*

*King.* I like him not, nor stands it safe with us  
 To let his madness range; therefore prepare you,  
 I your commission will forthwith dispatch,  
 And he to *England* shall along with you,  
 The terms of our estate may not endure  
 Hazzard so near us as doth hourly grow  
 Out of his brows.

*Guil.* We will our selves provide;  
 Most holy and religious fear it is  
 To keep those many bodies safe  
 That live and feed upon your majesty.

*Ros.* The single and Peculiar life is bound  
 " With all the strength and armour of the mind  
 " To keep it self from noyance, but much more  
 " That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests  
 " The lives of many: the cefs of Majesty  
 " Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw  
 " What's near it with it: or it is a massie wheel,  
 " Fixt on the somnet of the highest mount,  
 " To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things  
 " Are morteisit and adjoyn'd, which when it falls,  
 " Each small annexment, petty consequence  
 " Attends the boistrous rain, never alone  
 " Did the King sigh, but a general grone.

*King.* Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage,  
 For we will fetters put about this fear  
 Which now goes too free footed.

*Ros.* We will make haste.

[Exeunt Gent.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* Sir, he's going to his mothers closet,  
 Behind the Arras I'll convey my self  
 To hear the Procces, I'll warrant she'll tax him home;  
 And as you said, and wisely was it said,  
 'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,  
 Since nature makes them partial, should o're-hear  
 Their speech; fare you well my Liege,  
 I'll call upon you e're you go to bed,  
 And tell you what I hear.

[Exit.

*King.* Thanks, dear my Lord.



O my offence is rank, it smells to Heaven,  
 It hath the eldest curse upon 't ;  
 A Brothers murder ! pray I cannot,  
 Though inclination be as sharp as will,  
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;  
 And like a man to double business bound,  
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
 And both neglect : what if this cursed hand  
 Were thicker than it self with Brothers blood ?  
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet Heavens  
 To wash it white as Snow ? whereto serves mercy,  
 But to confront the Visage of offence ?  
 And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,  
 To be forestalled e're we come to fall,  
 Or pardon'd being down ? then I'll look up :  
 My fault is past : but Oh ! what form of prayer  
 Can serve my turn ? forgive me my foul murder ?  
 That cannot be, since I am still possess'd  
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,  
 My Crown, mine own ambition, and my Queen :  
 May one be pardoned and retain th' offence ?  
 " In the corrupted Currents of this World  
 " Offences guided hand may shew by Justice,  
 And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize it self  
 Buys out the Law ; but 'tis not so above,  
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies  
 In his true nature, and we our selves compell'd  
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults  
 To give in evidence : what then ? what rests ?  
 Try what repentance can ; what can it not ?  
 Yet what can it when one cannot repent ?  
 O wretched state ! O bosom black as death !  
 O limed soul ! that struggling to be free,  
 Art more engaged ! help Angels, make assay,  
 Bow stubborn knees, and heart with strings of steel  
 Be soft as Sinews of the new-born Babe,  
 All may be well. [Enter Hamlet.

*Ham.* Where is this Murtherer, he kneels and prays,  
 And now I'll do't, and so he goes to Heaven,  
 And so am I reveng'd ? that would be scann'd ;  
 He kill'd my Father, and for that  
 I his sole Son send him  
 To Heaven :  
 Why this is a reward, — not revenge :



He took my Father grossly, full of Bread,  
 With all his crimes broad blown as flush as *May*,  
 And how his *Audit* stands, who knows save Heaven?  
 But in our circumstance and course of thought,  
 'Tis heavy with him; and am I then reveng'd  
 To take him in the purging of his soul,  
 When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?  
 No,

Up Sword, and know thou a more horrid time,  
 When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage,  
 Or in th' incestuous pleasures of his Bed,  
 At game, a swearing, or about some act  
 That has no relish of salvation in't,  
 "Then trip him that his heels may kick at Heaven,  
 "And that his soul may be as damn'd and black  
 "As Hell whereto it goes: " my Mother stays,  
 This Physick but prolongs thy sickly days.

[Exit.

*King.* My words fly up, my thoughts remain below,  
 Words without thoughts never to Heaven go.

[Exit.

*Enter Queen and Polonius.*

*Pol.* He will come strait, look you lay home to him,  
 Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,  
 And that your Grace hath stood between  
 Much heat and him. I'll here conceal my self,  
 Pray you be round.

[Enter Hamlet.

*Queen.* I'll warrant you, fear me not,  
 Withdraw, I hear him coming.

*Ham.* Now, Mother, what's the matter?

*Queen.* Hamlet, thou hast thy Father much offended.

*Ham.* Mother, you have my Father much offended.

*Queen.* Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

*Ham.* Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

*Queen.* Why how now, Hamlet?

*Ham.* What's the matter now?

*Queen.* Have you forgot me?

*Ham.* No, by the Rood, not so,  
 You are the Queen, your Husbands Brothers Wife,  
 And, would it were not so, you are my Mother.

*Queen.* Nay then I'll set those to you that can speak.

*Ham.* Come, come, and sit down, you shall not budge,  
 You go not till I set you up a Glass  
 Where you may see the utmost part of you.

*Queen.* What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?

Help ho.

*Pol.* What

*Pol.* What, ho help.

*Ham.* How now, a Rat dead for a Ducket, dead!

*Pol.* O I am slain.

*Queen.* O me, what hast thou done?

*Ham.* Nay I know not, is it the King?

*Queen.* O what a rash and bloody deed was this!

*Ham.* A bloody deed, almost as bad, Good Mother,  
As kill a King, and marry with his Brother.

*Queen.* As kill a King!

*Ham.* I Lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding Fool, farewell,

I took thee for thy better, take thy fortune,

Thou findest to be too busie is some danger.

Leave wringing of your hands, peace, sit you down,

And let me wring your heart, for so I shall

If it be made of penetrable stuff,

“ If damned custom have not braz’d it so,

“ That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

*Queen.* What have I done that thou dar’st wag thy tongue  
In noise so rude against me?

*Ham.* Such an act

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,

Calls Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And sets a blister there, makes Marriage Vows

As false as Dicers Oaths: Oh such a Deed

As from the Body of contraction plucks

The very soul, and sweet Religion makes

A rhapsody of words, “ Heavens face does glow,

“ Yea this solidity and compound mass

“ With heated Visage as against the doom,

“ Is thought-sick at the act.

Ah me, that act!

*Queen.* Ay me! what act?

*Ham.* That roars so loud, and thunders in the *Index*:

Look here upon this Picture, and on this,

The counterfeit presentment of two Brothers;

See what a Grace was seated on this Brow,

*Hyperions* Curls, the front of *Jove* himself,

An eye like *Mars* to threaten and command,

“ A station like the Herald *Mercury*

“ New lighted on a heaven-kissing Hill,

A combination and form indeed

Where every God did seem to set his Seal,

To give the World assurance of a man.  
 This was your Husband : look you now what follows,  
 Here is your Husband, like a mildew'd ear,  
 Blasting his wholesome Brother : have you eyes ?  
 Could you on this fair Mountain leave to feed,  
 And batter on this Moor ? ha ! have you eyes ?  
 You cannot call it love, for at your age  
 The hey-day of the blood is tame, it's humble,  
 And waits upon the judgment ; and what judgment  
 Would step from this to this ? sense sure you have,  
 Else could you not have motion, but sure that sense  
 Is apoplex'd, for madness would not err,  
 Nor sense to ecstasie was ne'r so thrall'd,  
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice  
 To serve in such a difference : " what Devil was't  
 " That thus hath couzen'd you at hoodman-blind ?  
 " Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,  
 " Ears without hands, or eyes, smelling fans all,  
 " Or but a sickly part of one true sense  
 " Could not so mope, " Oh shame ! where is thy blush ?

Rebellious Hell,  
 If thou canst mutiny in a Matrons bones  
 To flaming Youth, let Vertue be as Wax  
 And melt in her own fire, proclaim no shame  
 When the compulsive ardure gives the charge,  
 Since frost it self as actively doth burn,  
 And reason pardons will.

*Queen.* O *Hamlet*, speak no more,  
 Thou turn'st my very eyes into my soul,  
 " And there I see such black and grieved spots  
 " As will leave there their tinct.

*Ham.* Nay, but to live  
 In the rank sweat of an incestuous Bed,  
 Stew'd in corruption, " honeying and making love  
 " Over the nasty Sty.

*Queen.* O speak to me no more,  
 These words like Daggers enter into mine ears,  
 No more, sweet *Hamlet*.

*Ham.* A Murtherer and a Villain,  
 A Slave that's not the twentieth part the tythe  
 Of your precedent Lord, a Vice of Kings,  
 A Cut-purse of the Empire and the Rule,  
 That from a Shelf the precious Diadem stole :  
 And put it in his Pocket.

[Enter Ghost.  
*Ham.* A



*Ham.* A King of shreds and patches.  
Save me and hover o're me with your wings  
You heavenly guards: what would your gracious fire?

*Qu.* Alas he's mad.

*Ham.* Do you not come your tardy son to chide,  
That lap't in time, and person lets go by  
Th'important acting of your dead command? O say!

*Ghost.* Do not forget: this visitation  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose...  
But look, amazement on thy mother sits,  
O step between her and her sighing soul!  
Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest works.  
Speak to her, *Hamlet.*

*Ham.* How is it with you Lady?

*Qu.* Alas, how is't with you,  
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,  
And with th'incorporeal air do hold discourse?  
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,  
And as the sleeping Souldiers in th'alarm,  
Your hair

Starts up and stands on end: O gentle son!  
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle cool patience: whereon do you look?

*Ham.* On him, on him, look you how pale he gleres,  
His form and cause conjoyn'd, preaching to stones  
Would make them capable; do not look upon me,  
Lest with this piteous action you convert  
My stern effects; then what I have to do  
Will want true colour, tears perchance for blood.

*Qu.* To whom do you speak this?

*Ham.* Do you see nothing there?

*Qu.* Nothing at all, yet all that's here I see.

*Ham.* Nor did you nothing hear?

*Qu.* No, nothing but our selves.

*Ham.* Why, look you there, look how it steals away,  
My Father in his habit as he liv'd,  
Look where he goes, even now out at the portal, [Exit Ghost,

*Qu.* This is the very coinage of your brain,  
This bodiless creation ecstasie is very cunning in:

*Ham.* My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,  
And makes as healthful musick: it is not madnes  
That I have uttered, bring me to the Test,  
And I the matter will re-word, which madnes  
Cannot do mother, for love of grace.

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
 That not your trespass but my madness speaks;  
 It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,  
 Whiles rank corruption mining all within  
 Infects unseen: confess your self to Heaven,  
 Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,  
 "And do not spread the compost on the Weeds  
 "To make them ranker: forgive me this my Vertue  
 "For in the fatness of these pursie times,  
 "Vertue it self of Vice must pardon beg,  
 "Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

*Queen.* O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart.

*Ham.* Then throw away the worser part of it,

And leave the purer with the other half.  
 Good night; but go not to my Uncles Bed,  
 Assume a Vertue if you have it not. Once more good night.  
 "That Monster Custom who all sense doth eat,  
 "Of habits Devil, is Angel yet in this,  
 "That to the use of actions fair and good  
 "He likewise gives a Frock or Livery  
 "That aptly is put on: refrain to Night,  
 "And that shall lend a kind of easiness  
 "To the next abstinence, the next more easie;  
 "For use almost can change the stamp of Nature,  
 "And master the Devil, or throw him out  
 "With wondrous potency: Once more good night.

And when you are desirous to be blest,  
 I'll blessing beg of you: for this same Lord  
 I do repent, but Heaven hath pleas'd it so,  
 To punish me with this, and this with me,  
 That I must be their Scourge and Minister,  
 I will bestow him, and will answer well  
 The Death I gave him; so again good night.  
 I must be cruel only to be kind,  
 Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.  
 One word more, Good Lady.

*Queen.* What shall I do?

"*Ham.* Not this by no means that I bid you do,  
 Let not the King tempt you to Bed again,  
 "Pinch Wanton on your Cheek, call you his Mousse,  
 "And let him for a pair of reechy kisses,  
 "Or padding in your Neck with his damn'd Fingers,  
 Make you to ravel all this matter out,  
 That I essentially am not in madness,



But mad in craft; 'twere good you let him know:

"For who that's but Queen, fair, sober, wise,

"Would from a paddock, from a Bat, a Gib,

"Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?

"No, in despite of sense and secrecie

"Unpeg the Basket on the houses top,

"Let the birds flie, and like the famous Ape,

"To try conclusions in the basket creep,

"And break your own neck down.

*Qu.* Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breath

What thou hast said to me.

*Ham.* I must to *England*, you know that.

*Qu.* Alack, I had forgot,

'Tis so concluded on.

"*Ham.* There's letters seal'd, and my two School-fellows,

"Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,

"They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,

"And marshal me to knavery; let it work,

"For 'tis the sport to have the Engineer

"Hoist with his own petar, and't shall go hard

"But I will delve one yard below their Mines,

"And blow them at the Moon; O 'tis most sweet,

"When in one line two crafts directly meet.

This man will set me packing,

I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.

Mother, good night indeed, this Counsellor

Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,

Who was in's life a most foolish prating knave.

Come Sir, to draw toward an end with you.

Good night, mother.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter King and Queen with Rosencraus and Guildenstern.*

*King.* **T**Here's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves,

You must translate, 'tis fit we understand them:

Where is your son?

(*Guild.*

*Qu.* Bestow this place on us a little while. [*Exeunt Ros. and*

*Ab,* mine own Lord, what have I seen to night?

*King.* What *Gertrard*, how does *Hamlet*?

I

*Qu.* Mad



*Qu.* Mad as the sea and wind when both contend  
Which is the mightier in his lawless fit,  
Behind the Arras hearing something stir,  
Whips out his Rapier, cries a Rat, a Rat,  
And in this brainish apprehension kills  
The unseen good old man.

*King.* O heavy deed!  
It had been so with us, had we been there;  
His liberty is full of threats to all,  
To you your self, to us, to every one.  
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answered?  
It will be laid to us, whose providence  
Should have restrain'd

This mad young man: but so much was our love,  
We would not understand what was most fit,  
But like the owner of a foul disease,  
To keep it from divulging, let it feed  
Even on the pith of life: where is he gone?

*Qu.* To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,  
O're whom his very madness, like some Ore  
Among a mineral of metal base,  
Shews it self pure, he weeps for what is done.

*King.* *Gertrard* come away,  
The Sun no sooner shall the mountains touch  
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed  
We must with all our Majesty and skill [ *Enter Ros. and Guild.*  
Both countenance and excuse. Ho, *Guildestern*,  
Friends both, go joyn with you some further aid,  
*Hamlet* in madness hath *Polonius* slain,  
And from his mothers closet hath he drag'd him:  
Go, seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body  
Into the Chappel; I pray you hast in this:  
Come, *Gertrard*, we'll call up our wisest friends,  
And let them know both what we mean to do,  
And what's untimely done,  
Whose whisper o're the worlds Diameter,  
As level as the Cannon to his blank,  
" Transports his poisoned shot, may miss our name,  
" And hit the woundless Air: O come away,  
" My soul is full of discord and dismay.

[ *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, and others.*

*Ham.* Safely stow'd? what noise? who calls *Hamlet*?  
O here they come,

*Ros.* What

*Rof.* What have you done, my Lord, with the dead Body ?

*Ham.* Compounded it with dust, whereto it is akin.

*Rof.* Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,  
And bear it to the Chappel.

*Ham.* Do not believe it.

*Rof.* Believe what ?

*Ham.* That I can keep your counsel and not mine own; besides,  
to be demanded of a Spunge, what replication should be made by  
the Son of a King ?

*Rof.* Take you me for a Spunge, my Lord ?

*Ham.* I, Sir, that fokes up the Kings countenance, his rewards,  
his authorities: but such Officers do the King best service in the  
end, he keeps them like an Apple in the corner of his Jaw, first  
mouth'd to be last swallowed; when he needs what you have  
gleaned, it is but (queezing you, and Spunge you shall be dry again.

*Rof.* I understand you not, my Lord.

*Ham.* I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

*Rof.* My Lord, you must tell us where the Body is, and go  
with us to the King.

“ *Ham.* The Body is with the King, but the King is not with  
“ the Body: the King is a thing.

“ *Guil.* A thing, my Lord ?

“ *Ham.* Of nothing, ” bring me to him.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter King and two or three.*

*King.* I have sent to seek him, and to find the Body ;  
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose ?  
Yet must we not put the strong Law on him,  
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,  
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes,  
And where 'tis so, th' Offenders Scourge is weigh'd,  
But never the offence: to bear all smooth and even,  
This sudden sending him away must seem  
Deliberate pause; Diseases desperate grown  
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,  
Or not at all.

*Enter Rosencraus, and all the rest.*

“ *King.* How now ? what hath befallen ?

*Rof.* Where the dead Body is bestow'd, my Lord,  
We cannot get from him.

*King.* But where is he ?

*Rof.* Without, my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

*King.* Bring him before us.

“ *Rof.* Ho, bring in the Lord Hamlet.

[*They enter.*

*King.* Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius ?



*Ham.* At Supper.

*King.* At Supper ! where ?

*Ham.* Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certain con-  
vocation of politick worms are e'en at him : " your worm is your  
" only Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us, and we  
" fat our selves for maggots ; your fat King and your lean Beggar  
is but variable service, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.

*King.* Alas ! Alas !

*Ham.* A man may fish with the Worm that hath eat of a  
King. " eat of the Fish that hath fed of that Worm.

" *King.* What dost thou mean by this ?

" *Ham.* Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a pro-  
" gress through the guts of a Beggar.

*King.* Where is *Polonius* ?

*Ham.* In Heaven, send thither to see if your Messenger find  
him not there, seek him i' th' other place your self : but indeed if  
you find him not within this Month, you shall nose him as you go  
up the Stairs into the Lobby.

*King.* Go seek him there.

*Ham.* He will stay till you come.

*King.* *Hamlet*, this deed for thine especial safety,  
Which we do tender, as we daily grieve  
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence :  
Therefore prepare thy self,  
The Bark is ready, and the Wind sits fair,  
" Th' Associates tend, and every thing is bent  
For *England*.

*Ham.* For *England* ?

*King.* I, *Hamlet*.

*Ham.* Good.

*King.* So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.

*Ham.* I see a Cherub that sees them : but come, for *England* :  
Farewel, Dear Mother.

*King.* Thy loving Father *Hamlet*.

*Ham.* My Mother, Father and Mother is Man and Wife,  
Man and Wife is one Flesh, and so my Mother.

Come, for *England*.

[*Exit*.

*King.* Follow him,

Tempt him with speed aboard,

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to night :

Away, for every thing is seal'd and done

That else leans on the affair ; " pray you make haste :

" And *England*, if my present love thou hold'st at ought ;

" As my great power thereof may give thee sense,

Since



" Since yet thy Cicatrice looks raw and red  
 " After the *Danish* Sword, and thy free awe  
 " Pays homage to us, thou may'st not coldly set  
 " Our Sovereign process, which imports at full  
 " By Letters congruing to that effect  
 " The present death of *Hamlet*, do it *England*,  
 " For like the Hectick in my blood he rages,  
 " And thou must cure me till I know 'tis done,  
 " How e'r my haps, my joys will ne'r begin.

[Exit.]

*Enter Fortinbras with his Army over the Stage.*

" *Fort.* Go, Captain, from me greet the *Danish* King,  
 " Tell him that by his Licence *Fortinbras*  
 " Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march  
 " Over his Kingdom; you know the rendezvous,  
 " If that his Majesty would ought with us,  
 " We shall express our Duty in his eye,  
 " And let him know so.  
 " *Capt.* I will do't, my Lord.  
 " *Fort.* Go softly on.

*Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, &c.*

" *Ham.* Good Sir, whose powers are these?  
 " *Capt.* They are of *Norway*, Sir.  
 " *Ham.* How propos'd, Sir, I pray you?  
 " *Capt.* Against some part of *Poland*.  
 " *Ham.* Who commands them, Sir?  
 " *Capt.* The Nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbras*.  
 " *Ham.* Goes it against the main of *Poland*, Sir,  
 " Or for some Frontier?  
 " *Capt.* Truly to speak, and with no addition,  
 " We go to gain a little patch of Ground  
 " That hath in it no-profit but the name,  
 " To pay five Duckets, five I would not farm it,  
 " Nor will it yield to *Norway* or the *Pole*  
 " A ranker rate, should it be sold in-Fee.  
 " *Ham.* Why then the *Pollock* never will defend it.  
 " *Capt.* Nay, 'tis already garrison'd.  
 " *Ham.* Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand Duckets  
 " Will not debate the Question of this Straw;  
 " This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,  
 " That inward breaks and shews no cause without  
 " Why the man dyes. I humbly thank you, Sir.  
 " *Capt.* God b'w'ye, Sir.  
 " *Ros.* Wilt please you go, my Lord?  
 " *Ham.* I'll be with you straight, go a little before.

" How all occasions do inform against me,  
 " And spur my dull revenge? What is a man  
 " If his chief good and market of his time  
 " Be but to sleep and feed? a Beast, no more.  
 " Sure he that made us with such large discourse,  
 " Looking before and after, gave us not  
 " That capability and God-like reason  
 " To fust in us unus'd: now whether it be  
 " Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple  
 " Of thinking too precisely on th' event,  
 " A thought which quarter'd hath but one part Wisdom,  
 " And ever three parts Coward: I do not know  
 " Why yet I live to say this thing's to do,  
 " Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means  
 " To do't: Examples gross as Earth exhort me,  
 " Witness this Army of such mails and charge,  
 " Led by a delicate and tender Prince,  
 " Whose spirit with Divine ambition puffs  
 " Makes mouths at the invisible event,  
 " Exposing what is mortal and unsure  
 " To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,  
 " Even for an Egg shell. Rightly to be great  
 " Is not to stir without great Argument,  
 " But greatly to find quarrel in a Straw,  
 " When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,  
 " That have a Father kill'd, a Mother stain'd,  
 " Excitements of my reason and my blood,  
 " And let all sleep, while to my shame I see  
 " The imminent Death of twenty thousand men,  
 " That for a phantasm and trick of fame  
 " Go to their Graves like Beds, fight for a Plot  
 " Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,  
 " Which is not Tomb enough and Continent  
 " To hide the slain? O from this time forth,  
 " My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. [Exit.

*Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.*

*Queen.* I will not speak with her.

*Gent.* She is importunate,

Indeed distressed and deserves pity.

*Queen.* What would she have?

*Gent.* She speaks much of her Father, says she hears  
 There's tricks i'th' World, and hems, and beats her heart,  
 Spurns enviously at Straws, speaks things in doubt,  
 That carry but half sense, her speech is nothing,

Yet

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move  
 The hearers to collection, "they yawn at it,  
 "And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts,  
 "Which as winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,  
 "Indeed would make one think there might be thought,  
 "Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily,

*Hor.* 'T were good the were spoken with, for she may strew  
 Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Let her come in.

[Enter Ophelia.

*Qu.* "To my sick soul, as sins true nature is,  
 "Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss :  
 "So full of artless jealousie is guilt,  
 "It spills it self, in fearing to be spilt.

*Ophel.* Where is the b-auteous Majesty of Denmark?

*Qu.* How now Ophelia? [She sings.

*Ophel.* How should I your true love know from another one?

By his cockle hat and staff, and by his sendal shoon.

*Qu.* Alas, sweet Lady, what imports this song?

*Ophel.* Say you, nay, pray you mark.

He is dead and gone, Lady, he is dead and gone, [Song.

At his head a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone.

O ho.

*Qu.* Nay but Ophelia.

*Ophel.* Pray you mark. White his shroud as the mountain snow.

Enter King.

*Qu.* Alas, look here my Lord.

*Ophel.* Larded all with sweet flowers, [Song.

Which beweept to the ground did not go,

With true love showers.

*King.* How do you pretty Lady?

*Ophel.* Well, good dild you, they say the Owl was a Baker's  
 daughter : we know what we are, but know not what we may  
 be.

*King.* Conceit upon her Father.

*Ophel.* Pray let's have no words of this, but when they ask you  
 what it means, say you this.

To morrow is *S. Valentine's* day,

[Song.

All in the morning betime,

And I a Maid at your window

To be your Valentine.

(door,

"Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes, and dup't the Chamber

"Let in the Maid, that out a Maid never departed more.

*King.* Pretty Ophelia.

*Ophel.* Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

By



By gis, and by Saint Charity,  
 alack, and fie for shame,  
 Young men will do't, if they come to't,  
 by cock they are to blame.

“ Quoth she, before you tumbled me, you promis'd me to wed.

“ (He answers ) So should I have done, by yonder Sun,  
 And thou hadst not come to my bed.

*King.* How long hath she been thus?

*Oph.* I hope all will be well, we must be patient ; but I cannot  
 chuse but weep, to think they would lay him i'th' cold ground ;  
 my brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good coun-  
 sel. Come my coach, good night, Ladies, good night,  
 Sweet Ladies, good night, good night.

*King.* Follow her close, give her good watch I pray you.

O this is the poison of deep grief, it springs all from her Father's  
 death : and now behold O *Gertrard, Gertrard,*  
 When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
 But in battalions : first, her Father slain,  
 Next, your son gone, and he, most violent author  
 Of his own just remove ; the people muddied,  
 Thick, and unwholsome in thoughts and whispers  
 For good *Polonius* death, and we have done but  
 Obscurely to interr him ; poor *Ophelia*  
 Divided from her self, and her fair judgment,  
 Without which we are but pictures, or meer beasts.  
 Last, and as much containing as all these,  
 Her brother is in secret come from *France,*  
 Feeds on this wonder, keeps himself in clouds,  
 And wants not whispers to infect his ear  
 With pestilent speeches of his Father's death,  
 “ Wherein necessity of matter begger'd  
 “ Will nothing stick our person to arraign  
 “ In ear and ear : ” O my dear *Gertrard,* this  
 Like to a murdering piece in many places  
 Gives me superfluous death.

[ *Noise within.*

*Enter Messengers.*

*King.* Where are my Swiflers ? let them guard the door,  
 What is the matter ?

*Messeng.* Save your self, my Lord.  
 The Ocean over-peering of his list  
 Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste  
 Than young *Laertes* in a riotous head  
 O're-bears your Officers ; the rabble call him Lord,  
 And as the world were now but to begin,

Antiquity forgot, Custom not known,  
The Ratifiers and Props of every word,  
They cry chuse we *Laertes* for our King:  
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the Clouds,  
*Laertes* shall be King.

“*Qu.* How cheerfully on the false tail they cry,  
“O this is counter, you false *Danish* Dogs. [A noise  
[within.

*Enter Laertes with others.*

*King.* The Doors are broke.

*Laert.* Where is this King? Sirs, stand you all without.

*All.* No, let's come in.

*Laert.* I pray you give me leave.

*All.* We will, we will.

*Laert.* I thank you, keep the Door. O thou vile King,  
Give me my Father.

*Queen.* Calmly, good *Laertes*.

*Laert.* That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me Bastard,  
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot  
Even here between the chaste Brows  
Of my true Mother.

*King.* What is the cause, *Laertes*,  
That thy Rebellion looks so Giant-like?  
Let him go, *Gertrard*, do not fear our person,  
There's such Divinity doth hedge a King,  
That treason dares not reach at what it would,  
Acts little of his will: tell me, *Laertes*,  
Why thou art thus-incens'd: let him go to *Gertrard*,  
Speak man.

*Laert.* Where is my Father?

*King.* Dead.

*Queen.* But not by him.

*King.* Let him demand his fill.

*Laert.* How came he dead? I'll not be juggl'd with:  
To Hell Allegiance, Vows to the blackest Devil,  
“Conscience and Grace to the profoundest pit,  
“I dare damnation:” to this Point I stand,  
That both the Worlds I give to negligence,  
Let come what comes, only I'll be reveng'd  
Most thoroughly for my Father.

*King.* Who shall stay you?

*Laert.* My will, not all the Worlds:  
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,  
They shall go far with little.

*King.* Will you in revenge of your



Dear Fathers death destroy both Friend and Foe?

*Laert.* None but his Enemies.

*King.* Will you know them then?

*Laert.* To this, good friends, thus wide I'll ope my arms,  
And like the kind Life-rendring Pelican  
Relieve them with my blood.

*King.* Why, now you speak  
Like a good Child, and a true Gentleman.  
That I am guiltless of your Fathers death,  
And am most sensible in grief for it,  
It shall as level to your judgment lye,  
As day does to your eye.

[A noise within.]

*Enter Ophelia.*

*Laert.* Let her come in.

"How now? what noise is that?"

"O heat dry up my brains, tears seven times salt

"Burn out the sense and Virtue of mine eye:

By Heaven" thy madness shall be paid with weight

Till our Scale turn the Beam. O Rose of May!

Dear Maid, kind Sister, sweet *Ophelia*!

O Heavens! is't possible a young Maids wits

Should be as mortal as a sick man's life!

*Ophel.* They bore him bare-fac'd on the Bier,  
And in his Grave rain'd many a tear.

[Song.]

Fare you well, my Dove.

*Laert.* Had'st thou thy wits, and didst perswade revenge,  
It could not move thus.

*Ophel.* You must sing a down, a down,  
And you call him a down a. O how the Wheel becomes it,  
It is the false Steward that stole his Masters Daughter.

*Laert.* This nothing is much more than matter.

*Ophel.* There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance, pray you  
Love remember; and there's Pancies, that's for thoughts.

*La.* A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

*Ophel.* There's Fennel for you, and Columbines, there's Rue  
for you, and here's some for me, we may call it Herb of Grace a  
*Sundays*, you may wear your Rue with a difference; there's a  
Daisie: I would give you some Violets, but they withered all  
when my Father dyed; they say he made a good end.  
For bonny sweet *Robin* is all my joy.

*Laert.* Thoughts and afflictions, passion, Hell it self  
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

*Ophel.* And will he not come again?

[Song.]

"And will he not come again?"

No,



No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-Bed,  
 He never will come again.  
 His Beard was as white as Snow,  
 Flaxen was his Pole,  
 He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away moan,  
 And peace be with his soul and with all Lovers souls.

*King.* Laertes, I must share in your grief,  
 Or you deny me right; Go but a part.  
 Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,  
 And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me,  
 If by direct or by collateral hand  
 They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdom give,  
 "Our Crown, our life, and all that we call ours  
 To you in satisfaction; but if not,  
 Be you content to lend your patience to us,  
 And we shall jointly labour with your soul  
 To give it due content.

*Laert.* Let this be so.  
 His means of Death, his obscure Funeral,  
 No Trophée, Sword, nor Hatchment o'r his bones,  
 No noble right, no formal ostentation  
 Cry to be heard as 'twere from Earth to Heaven,  
 That I must call't in Question.

*King.* So you shall,  
 And where th' offence is, let the great Axe fall.  
 I pray you go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Horatio and others.*

*Horat.* What are they that would speak with me?

*Gen.* Sea-fairing men, Sir, they say they have Letters for you.

*Horat.* Let them come in.

I do not know from what part of the World  
 I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet. [*Enter Sailers.*]

*Sail.* Save you, Sir.

*Sail.* There's a Letter for you, Sir, it came from the Ambassa-  
 dor that was bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I  
 am let to know it is.

*Hora.* *Horatio*, when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these  
 Fellows some means to the King, they have Letters for him.  
 E're we were two days old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike ap-  
 pointment gave us chase. Finding our selves too slow of Sail, we  
 put on a compelled valor, and in the grapple I boarded them: on  
 the instant they got clear of our Ship, so I alone became their Pri-  
 soner. They have dealt with me like Thieves of mercy, but they  
 knew what they did; I am to do a turn for them. Let the

King have the Letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine Ear will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the matter: these good Fellows will bring thee where I am. *Rosencrans* and *Guildestern* hold their course for *England*, of them I have much to tell thee. Farewel. *Hamlet*.

*Horat.* Come, I will make you way for these your Letters, And do't the speedier that you may direct me To him from whom you brought them.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter King and Laertes.*

*King.* Now must your Conscience my Acquittance seal, And you must put me in your heart for friend, Sith you have heard, and with a knowing Ear, That he who hath your noble Father slain Pursued my Life.

*Laert.* It well appears: but tell me Why you proceed not against these feats So criminal and so capital in nature, As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else, You mainly were stir'd up.

*King.* For two special reasons, Which may perhaps to you seem weak, But yet to me they're strong: the Queen his Mother Lives almost by his looks, and for my self, My Vertue or my Plague, be it either, She is so precious to my life and soul, That as the Star moves not but in his Sphere, I could not but by her: the other motive, Why to a publick count I might not go, Is the great love the people bear him, Who dipping all his faults in their affection, Work like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone, "Convert his gyves Graces, so that my Arrows, "Too slightly timbered for so loved arms, "Would have reverted to my Bow again, "But not where I have aim'd them.

*Laert.* And so I have a noble Father lost, A Sister driven into desperate terms, Whose worth, if praises may go back again, Stood Challenger on the Mount of Old Age For her perfections: but my revenge will come.

*King.* Break not your steps for that, you must not think That we are made of Stuff so flat and dull, That we can let our Beards be shook with anger,

And.



And think it pastime : you shortly shall hear more.  
I lov'd your Father, and we love our self,  
" And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

*Enter a Messenger with Letters.*

*Mess.* These to your Majesty, this to the Queen.

*King.* From Hamlet ? Who brought them ?

*Mess.* Saylor, my Lord, they say, I saw them not ;  
They were given me by *Claudio*, he received them  
Of him that brought them.

*King.* *Laertes*, you shall hear them : leave us. [*Exeunt.*  
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your King-  
dom : to morrow shall I beg leave to see your Kingly eyes, when  
I shall (first asking your pardon) thereunto recount the occasion  
of my sudden return.

*King.* What should this mean ? are all the rest come back ?  
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing ?

*Laert.* Know you the Hand ?

*King.* 'Tis Hamlet's Character. Naked !  
And in a Postscript here he says alone,  
Can you advise me ?

*Laert.* I am lost in it, my Lord ; but let him come,  
It warms the very sickness in my heart,  
That I live, and tell him to his teeth,  
Thus didst thou.

*King.* If it be so, *Laertes*,  
As how should it be so, how otherwise ?  
Will you be rul'd by me ?

*Laert.* I, my Lord, so you will not o'r-rule me to a peace.

*King.* To thine own peace : if he be now returned,  
As liking not his Voyage, and that he means  
No more to undertake it, I will work him  
To an exploit now ripe in my device,  
Under the which he shall not chuse but fall,  
And for his death no Wind of blame shall breathe,  
But even his Mother shall uncharge the practice,  
And call it accident.

*Laert.* My Lord, I will be rul'd,  
The rather if you could devise it so  
That I might be the Instrument.

*King.* It falls right :  
You have been talkt of since your travel much,  
And that in *Hamlet's* hearing, for a quality  
Wherein they say you shine ; your sum of parts  
Did not together pucker such envy from him.



“ As did that one, and that in my regard  
 “ Of the unworthiest siege.

*Laert.* What part is that, my Lord ?

*King.* A very Feather in the Cap of Youth,

“ Yet needful too, for Youth no less becomes

“ The light and careless Livery that it wears,

“ Than settled Age his Sables, and his Weeds,

“ Importing health and graveness: ” two months since

Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,

I have seen myself, and serv'd against the *French*,

And they can well on horse-back ; but this Gallant

Had Witchcraft in't, he grew into his Seat,

And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,

As he had been incorp's'd and demi-natur'd

With the brave Beast ; so far he top'd my thought,

That I in forgery of shapes and tricks

Come short of what he did.

*Laert.* A *Norman* was't ?

*King.* A *Norman*.

*Laert.* Upon my life, *Lamord*.

*King.* The very same.

*Laert.* I know him well, he is indeed,  
 The Gem of all the Nation.

*King.* He made Confession of you,  
 And gave you such a masterly report  
 For art and exercise in your defence,  
 And for your Rapier most especially,  
 That he cry'd out, 'twould be a fight indeed,  
 If one could match you : the Fencers of their Nation  
 He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,  
 If you oppos'd them : Sir, this report of his  
 Did *Hamlet* so envenome with his envy,  
 That he could nothing do, but wish and beg  
 Your sudden coming o'r to play with you.  
 Now out of this.

*Laert.* What out of this, my Lord ?

*King.* *Laertes*, was your Father dear to you ?  
 Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,  
 A face without a heart ?

*Laert.* Why ask you this ?

*King.* Not that I think you did not love your Father,  
 “ But that I know love is begun by time,  
 “ And that I see in passages of proof,  
 “ Time qualifies the spark and fire of it ;

"There lives within the very flame of love,  
 "A kind of Wick or Snuff that will abate it,  
 "And nothing is at a like goodness still;  
 "For goodness growing to a Pleurise,  
 "Dies in his own too much, that we would do,  
 "We should do when we would: for this *would* changes,  
 "And hath abatements and delays as many  
 "As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,  
 "And then this *should* is like a spend-thrift-sigh,  
 "That hurts by easing: " but to the quick of th' ulcer,  
*Hamlet* comes back, what would you undertake  
 To shew your self indeed your Fathers Son  
 More than in words?

*Laert.* To cut his throat i' th' Church.

*King.* No place indeed should protect a Murderer,  
 Revenge should have no Bounds: but, good *Laertes*,

Keep close within your Chamber,

*Hamlet* return'd shall know you are come home,  
 We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,  
 And set a double varnish on the fame

The *French-man* gave you, bring you in fine together,

And wager o'r your heads; he being remiss,

Most generous and free from all contriving,

Will not peruse the foils, so that with ease,

Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse

A Sword unbated, and in a pace of practice

Requite him for your Father.

*Laert.* I will do't;

And for the purpose I'll anoint my Sword:

I bought an Unction of a Mountebank

So mortal, that but dip a Knife in it,

Where it draws blood, no Cataplasm so rare

Collected from all Simples that have Vertue

Under the Moon, can save the thing from death

That is but scratcht withal; I'll touch my Point

With this Contagion, that if I gail him slightly it may be death.

*King.* Let's further think of this;

"Weigh what conveyance both of time and means,

"May fit us to our shape, if this should fail,

"And that our drift look through our bad performance,

"Twere better not assay'd: Therefore this project

"Should have a back or second, that might hold

"If this did blast in proof: " soft; let me see,

We'll make a solemn Wager on your Cunning,

I have't, ..



I have 't, when in your motion you are hot and dry,  
 As make your bouts more violent to that end,  
 And that he calls for Drink, I'll have prepar'd him  
 A Chalice for the purpose, whereon but tasting,  
 If he by chance escape your venom'd Tuck,  
 Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise? [Enter Queen

*Queen.* One woe doth tread upon anothers heel,  
 So fast they follow: your Sister's drown'd, *Laertes.*

*Laert.* Drown'd! O where?

*Queen.* There is a Willow growing o'r a Brook,  
 That shews his hoary Leaves in the Glassie Stream,  
 Near which fantastick Garlands she did make  
 Of Crow flowers, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples,  
 "That liberal Shepherds give a grosser name,  
 "But our culcold Maids do dead mens Fingers call them,  
 There on the Boughs her Coronet weeds  
 Clambring to hang, an envious Shiver broke,  
 When down her weedy Trophees and her self  
 Fell in the weeping Brook, "her Cloaths spread wide,  
 "And Mermaid like a while they bore her up,  
 "Which time she chanted remnants of old lauds,  
 As one incapable of her own distress,  
 Or like a Creature native and indued  
 Unto that Element; but long it could not be  
 Till that her Garments, heavy with their Drink,  
 Pull'd the gentle Maid from her melodious lay  
 To muddy death.

*Laert.* Alas! then is she drown'd?

*Queen.* Drown'd, drown'd.

*Laert.* Too much of water hast thou, poor *Ophelia*,  
 And therefore I forbid my tears; but yet  
 It is our trick, Nature her Custom holds,  
 Let shame say what it will; "when these are gone  
 "The Woman will be out. "Adieu, my Lord,  
 I have a fire that fain would blaze,  
 But that this folly drowns it.

[Exit.

*King.* Let's follow *Gertrud*;  
 How much I had to do to calm his rage!  
 Now I fear this will give it start again,  
 Therefore let's follow.

[Exeunt.

ACT



## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter two Clowns with Spades and Mattocks.*

*Clown.* **I**S she to be buried in Christian Burial, when she wilfully seeks her own salvation?

*Orb.* I tell thee she is, therefore make her Grave straight, the Crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian Burial.

*Clown.* How can that be, unless she drown'd her self in her own defence?

*Orb.* Why, 'tis found so.

*Clown.* It must be so offended, it cannot be else; for here lyes the Point, if I drown my self wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three Branches, it is to act, to do, and to perform, or all; she drown'd her self wittingly.

*Orb.* Nay but hear you, Goodman Delver.

*Clown.* Give me leave, here lies the water, good; here stands the man, good; if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is will he nill he: he goes, mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself; argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

*Orb.* But is this Law?

*Clown.* I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law.

*Clown.* Will you have the truth on't, if this had not been a Gentlewoman, she should have been buried without Christian Burial.

*Clown.* Why, there thou sayest, and the more pity that great Folk should have countenance in this World to drown or hang themselves more than we: Come, my Spade, there is no anti-ent Gentleman but Gardeners, Ditchers and Grave-makers, hold they up *Adam's* Profession.

*Orb.* Was he a Gentleman?

*Clown.* He was the first that ever bore Arms.

I'll put another Question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confests thy self.

*Clown.* What is he that builds stronger than either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

*Orb.* The Gallows-maker, for that out-lives a thousand tenants.

*Clown.* I like thy wit well, the Gallows does well, but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill, now thou doest ill to say

the Gallows is built stronger than the Church : argal the Gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

*Othel.* Who builds stronger than a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter ?

*Clown.* I, tell me that and unyoke.

*Oth.* Marry now I can tell.

*Clown.* To't.

*Oth.* 'Mafs I cannot tell.

*Clown.* Cudgel thy Brains no more about it, for your dull Afs will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this Question next, say a Grave-Maker, the houses he makes last till Doomf-day. Go get thee in and fetch me a Stoop of Liquor.

In Youth when I did love, did love, [*Song.*  
Methought it was very sweet

To contract, O the time for a my behove,  
O methought there was nothing a meet.

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

*Ham.* Has this Fellow no feeling in his businesf ? He sings in Grave-making.

*Hor.* Custom hath made it in him a property of easinesf. (*sense.*

*Ham.* 'Tis e'n fo, the hand of little imployment hath the daintier

*Clow.* But Age with his stealing steps [*Song.*  
hath claw'd me in his clutch,  
And hath shipped me into the Land,  
as if I had never been fuch.

*Ham.* That Skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the Knave jowls it to the Ground, as if 'twere *Cain's* Jaw-bone, that did the first murder : this might be the Pate of a Politician, which this Afs now o'r-reaches, one that would circumvent Heaven, might it not ?

*Horat.* It might, my Lord.

*Ham.* Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good morrow, my Lord, how dost thou, sweet Lord ? this might be my Lord fuch a one, that praised my Lord fuch a ones Horse when he meant to beg him, might it not ?

*Horat.* I, my Lord.

“*Ham.* Why e'en fo, and now my Lady worms Choples, and “knockt about the mazer with a Sextons Spade ; ” here's a fine revolution, and we had the trick to see't ; did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at Loggits with them ? mine ake to think on't.

*Clown.* A Pick-Axe and a Spade, a Spade,  
for and a shrowding Sheet,  
O a Pit of Clay for to be made  
for fuch a Gueft is meet.

*Ham.*

*Ham.* There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer? where be his quiddities now, his quilities, his cafes, his tennures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this mad knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his actions of battery? hum: this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt: will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchaces and doubles, than the length and bredth of a pair of Indenturs? the very conveyances of his land will scarcely lie in this box, and must the inheritour himself have no more? ha!

*Hora.* Not a jot more, my Lord.

*Ham.* "Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?"

*Hora.* "I my, Lord, and of calve-skins too."

*Ham.* "They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that." I will speak to this fellow: Whose grave's this, sirrah?

*Clown.* Mine, Sir, or a pit of clay for to be made,

*Ham.* I think it's thine indeed, for thou ly'st in't.

*Clown.* You lie out on't Sir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my part I do not lie in't, yet it's mine.

*Ham.* Thou dost lye in't, to be in't, and say it is thine, 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou lyest.

*Clown.* 'Tis a quick lye Sir, 'twill again from me to you.

*Ham.* What man dost thou dig it for?

*Clown.* For no man, Sir.

*Ham.* What woman then?

*Clown.* For none neither.

*Ham.* Who is to be buried in't?

*Clown.* One that was a woman, Sir, but rest her soul, she's dead.

*Ham.* How absolute the knave is, we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. *Horatio*, th is three years I have took notice of it, the age is grown so piqued, that the toe of the Peasant comes so near the heel of the Courtier, he galls his Kibe. How long hast thou been a Grave-maker?

*Clown.* Of all the days i'th' year I came to't that day that our last King *Hamlet* overcame *Fortinbras*.

*Ham.* How long is that since?

*Clown.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that; it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that is mad and sent into *England*.

*Ham.* I marry, why was he sent into *England*?

*Clown.* Why? because he was mad, he shall recover his wits there, or if he do not 'tis no great matter there.

*Ham.* Why?



*Clown.* 'Twill not be seen in him there, there are men as mad as he.

*Ham.* How came he mad?

*Clown.* Very strangely they say.

*Ham.* How strangely?

*Clown.* Faith e'en with losing his wits.

*Ham.* Upon what ground?

*Clown.* Why, here in *Denmark*: where I have been Sexton, man, and boy, thirty years.

*Ham.* How long will a man lie i'th' earth e're he rot?

*Clown.* Faith if he be not rotten before he die, as we have many pocky Coarces that will scarce hold the lying in, he will last you some eight years, or nine years: a Tanner will last you nine years.

*Ham.* Why he more than another?

*Clown.* Why, Sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whorson dead body: here's a skull now hath lien you i'th' earth, three and twenty years.

*Ham.* Whose was it?

*Clown.* A whorson mad fellow's it was, whose do you think it was?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not.

*Clown.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, he pour'd a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once; this same skull, Sir, was Sir *Yorick's* skull, the King's Jester.

*Ham.* This?

*Clown.* E'en that.

*Ham.* Alas poor *Yorick*, I knew him, *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy, he hath bore me on his back a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is? my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kiss I know not how oft: where be your jibes now, your jests, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chop-faln? Now get you to my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.

Prethee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

*Hora.* What's that, my Lord?

*Ham.* Dost thou think *Alexander* lookt on this fashion i'th' earth?

*Hora.* E'en so.

*Ham.* And smelt so? pah.

*Hora.* E'en so my Lord.

*Ham.* To what base uses we may return, *Horatio*! why may not imagination trace the noble dust, of *Alexander* till he find it stopping a bung hole.

*Hora.* 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

*Ham.* No

*Ham.* No faith, not a jot but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it, *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth we make lome, and why of that lome whereto he was converted might they not stop a Beer barrel?

Imperious *Caspar* dead and turn'd to clay  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.  
O that, that earth which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a wall t'xpel the waters flaw!

But soft, but soft a while, here comes the King,  
The Queen, the Courtiers: who is this they follow,  
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,  
The Coarse they follow did with desperate hand  
Fore-do its own life, 'twas of some estate:  
Stand by a while, and mark.

Enter King,  
Queen, Laertes, and  
the Coarse.

*Laer.* What Ceremony else?

*Ham.* That is *Laertes*, a very noble youth.

*Laer.* What Ceremony else?

*Doct.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd  
As we have warrant; her death was doubtful,  
And but that great command o're-sways the order,  
She should in Ground un sanctified been lodg'd:  
For charitable prayers,  
Flints and pebbles should be thrown on her,  
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin rites,  
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home  
Of bell and burial.

*Laer.* Must there no more be done?

*Doct.* No more:

We should prophane the service of the dead,  
To sing a *Requiem*, and such rest to her,  
As to peace parted souls.

*Laer.* Lay her i'th' earth,  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest;  
A ministring Angel shall my sister be,  
When thou licst howling.

*Ham.* What? the fair *Ophelia*?

*Qu.* Sweets to the sweet, farewell,  
I hop'd thou should'st have been my *Hamlet's* wife,  
I thought thy Bride bed to have deckt, sweet maid,  
And not have strew'd thy grave.

*Laer.* O treble woe!

Fall ten times double on that cursed head,

Whose wicked deeds deprived thee of  
 Thy most ingenuous sense : hold off the earth awhile,  
 Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.  
 Now pile your dust upon the quick, and dead,  
 Till of this flat a mountain you have made  
 T'ore-top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head  
 Of blue *Olympus*.

*Ham.* What is he, whose grief  
 Bears such an emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow  
 Conjures the wandring stars, and makes them stand  
 Like wonder-wounded hearers ? 'tis I,  
*Hamlet the Dane.*

*Laer.* Perdition catch thee.

*Ham.* Thou pray'st not well : I prethee take thy fingers from  
 For though I am not spleenative and rash, (my throat :  
 Yet have I in me something dangerous,  
 Which let thy wisdom fear ; hold off thy hand.

*King.* Pluck them asunder.

*Qu.* *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

*All.* Gentlemen.

*Hora.* Good my Lord, be quiet.

*Ham.* Why, I will fight with him upon this theam,  
 Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

*Qu.* O my son, what theam ?

*Ham.* I lov'd *Ophelia*, forty thousand brothers  
 Could not with all their quantity of love  
 Make up my sum : What wilt thou do for her ?

*King.* O he is mad, *Laertes.*

*Qu.* Forbear him.

*Ham.* Shew me what thou't do,  
 Wilt weep, wilt fight, wilt fast, wilt tear thy self,  
 Wilt drink up *Ess*, eat a *Crocodile* ?  
 I'll do't ; dost thou come here to whine ?  
 To out-face me with leaping in her grave ?  
 Be buried quick with her, and so will I ;  
 And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw  
 Millions of acres on us, till our ground  
 Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,  
 Make *Ossa* like a wart ; nay, and thou'lt mouth,  
 I'll rant as well as thou.

*Qu.* This is meer madness,  
 And thus a while the fit will work on him ;  
 Anon as patient as a female Doe,  
 When first her golden couplets are disclos'd,



His silence will sit drooping

*Ham.* Hear you, Sir,

What is the reason that you use me thus ?

I lov'd you ever, but it is no matter,

Let *Hercules* himself do what he may,

The Cat will mew, a dog will have his day.

[*Exit Hamlet*

*King.* I pray thee good *Horatio*, wait upon him. [*and Horatio.*

Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,

We'll put the matter to the present push,

Good *Gertrard*, set some watch over your son,

This Grave shall have a living monument,

“ An hour of quiet thereby shall we see,

“ Till then in patience our proceeding be.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

*Ham.* So much for this, Sir, you shall now see the other :

You do remember all the circumstance.

*Hora.* Remember it my Lord ?

*Ham.* Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting

That would not let me sleep, “ methought I lay

“ Worse than the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,

“ And prais'd be rashness for it ; let us know

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well

When our deep plots do fall, and that should learn us,

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,

Rough hew them how we will.

*Hora.* That is most certain.

*Ham.* Up from my Cabin,

My Sea-gown wrapt about me, in the dark

I grop'd to find out them, had my desire,

Reach'd their packet, and in fine withdrew

To mine own room again, making so bold

(My fears forgetting manners ) to unfold

Their grand Commission, where I found, *Horatio*,

An exact command,

“ Larded with many several sorts of reasons,

“ Importing *Denmarks* health, and *Englands* too,

“ With hoe, such Bugs and Goblins in my life,

“ That on the supervise, no leisure bated,

“ No, not to slay the grinding of the Ax,

My head should be struck off with.

*Hora.* Is't possible ?

*Ham.* Here's the Commission, read it at more leisure :

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed ?

*Hora.* I beseech you.

*Ham.* Be.

*Ham.* Being thus be-netted round with Villains,  
E're I could make a Prologue to my Brains,  
They had begun the Play: I fate me down,  
Devis'd a new Commission, wrote it fair:  
I once did hold it, as our Statists do,  
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much  
How to forget that Learning; but, Sir, now  
It did me Yeomans service; wilt thou know  
Th' effect of what I wrote?

*Horat.* I, good my Lord.

*Ham.* An earnest conjuration from the King,  
As *England* was his faithful Tributary,  
As love between them like the Palm might flourish,  
As Peace should still her wheaten Garland wear,  
" And stand a *Comma* 'tween their amities,  
" And many such like, as, Sir, of great charge,  
That on the view of these contents,  
Without debatement further more or less  
He should those Bearers put to sudden death,  
" Not thriving time allow'd.

*Horat.* How was this seal'd?

*Ham.* Why, even in that was Heaven ordinant:  
I had my Fathers Signet in my Purse,  
Which was the model of that *Danish* Seal,  
Folded the Writ up in the form of th' other,  
Subscrib'd it, gave't th' impression, plac'd it safely,  
The Changling never known; now the next day  
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was sequent,  
Thou know'st already.

*Horat.* So *Guildenstern* and *Rosencrans* went to it.

*Ham.* They are not near my Conscience, their defeat  
Does by their own insinuation grow;  
" 'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes  
" Between the Pass and fell incensed Point  
" Of mighty Opposites.

*Horat.* Why, what a King is this!

*Ham.* Does it not, think you, stand me now upon?  
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,  
Stept in between th' election and my hopes,  
Thrown out his Angle for my proper life,  
And with such cozenage, is't not perfect conscience?

[Enter a  
Courtier.]

*Court.* Your Lordship is right welcome back to *Denmark*.

*Ham.* I humbly thank you, Sir,  
Doe'st know this water flie?

*Horat.* No,

*Hora.* No, my good Lord.

*Ham.* Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him; he hath much land and fertile, let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the King's Meis; 'tis a chough, but as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

*Court.* Sweet Lord, if your Lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you, from his Majesty.

*Ham.* I will receive it, Sir, with all diligence of spirit; your bonnet to his right use, 'tis for the head.

*Court.* I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

*Ham.* No, believe me, 'tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

*Court.* It is indifferent cold, my Lord, indeed.

*Ham.* But yet, methinks, it is very foultry and hot, for my complexion.

*Court.* Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very foultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how. My Lord, his Majesty bad me signifie unto you, that he has laid a great wager on your head, Sir; this is the matter.

*Ham.* I beseech you remember.

*Court.* Nay, good my Lord, for my ease. Sir, here is newly come to Court *Laertes*, believe me, an absolute Gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great shew: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the Card, or Kalendar of Gentry, for you shall find in him the substance of what part a Gentleman would see.

*Ham.* Sir, his definement suffers no loss in you, though I know to divide him inventorially, would dizzy th'arithmetick of memory, and yet but raw neither in respect of his quick sail; but in the verity of extolment I take him to be a soul of great article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirrour, and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

*Court.* Your Lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

*Ham.* The concernancy, Sir, why do wrap the Gentleman in our rawer breath?

*Court.* Sir.

*Hora.* Is't possible not to understand in another tongue, you will do't, Sir, really.

*Ham.* What imports the nomination of this Gentleman?

*Court.* Of *Laertes*?

*Hora.* His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

*Ham.* Of him, Sir.

*Court.* I know you are not ignorant.

*Ham.* I would you did, Sir; yet if you did, it would not much approve me: well Sir.



*Court.* You are ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

*Ham.* I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well, were to know himself.

*Court.* I mean, Sir, for his Weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them in his meed, he's unfellowed.

*Ham.* What's his Weapon?

*Court.* Single Rapier.

The King, Sir, hath wager'd with him six *Barbary* Horses, against the which he has impawn'd, as I take it, six *French* Rapiers and Poniards, with their Assigns, as Girdle, Hanger, and so: three of the Carriages are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the Hilt, most delicate Carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

*Ham.* What call you the Carriages?

*Horat.* I knew you must be edified by the Margin e're you had done.

*Court.* The Carriages, Sir, are the Hangers.

*Ham.* The Phrase would be more German to the matter, if we could carry a Cannon by our sides, I would it might be Hangers till then: but on, six *Barbary* Horses against six *French* Swords, their Assigns, and three liberal conceited Carriages, that's the *French* Bett against the *Danish*, why is this all you call it?

*Court.* The King, Sir, hath laid, Sir, that in a dozen Passes between your self and him, he shall not exceed you three Hits, he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate tryal, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

*Ham.* How if I answer no?

*Court.* I mean, my Lord, the opposition of your person in tryal.

*Ham.* Sir, I will walk here in the Hall, if it please his Majesty, it is the breathing time of the day with me, let the foils be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd Hits.

*Court.* Shall I deliver you so?

*Ham.* To this effect, Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

*Court.* I commend my Duty to your Lordship.

*Ham.* Yours does well to commend it self, there are no tongues else for his turn.

*Horat.* This Lapwing runs away with the Shell on his head.

*Ham.* "He did so, Sir, with his Dug before he suckt it;" thus has he and many more of the same breed that I know, the drossie Age dotes on, only get the tune of the time, and out of an habit of encounter, a kind of misty Collection, which carries them through and through the most prophane and renowned Opinions; and do but blow them to their tryal, the bubbles are out.

*Enter*

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* My Lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young *Ostrick*, who brings back to him that you attend him in the Hall, he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

*Ham.* I am constant to my purposes, they follow the Kings pleasure; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

*Lord.* The King and Queen and all are coming down.

*Ham.* In happy time.

*Lord.* The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to *Laertes* before you go to play.

*Ham.* She well instructs me.

*Horat.* You will lose, my Lord.

*Ham.* I do not think so, since he went into *France* I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds: thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart, but it is no matter.

*Horat.* Nay, good my Lord.

*Ham.* It is but foolery, but it is such a kind of boding as would perhaps trouble a Woman.

*Horat.* If your mind dislike any thing, obey it, I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

*Ham.* Not a whit, we defie Augury, "there is a special providence in the fall of a Sparrow: if it be, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readines is all, since no man of ought he leaves knows "what 'tis to leave betimes, let be.

*A Table prepared, Drums, Trumpets, and Officers with Cushions, King, Queen, and all the State, Foils, Daggers, and Laertes.*

*King.* Come, *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

*Ham.* Give me your pardon, Sir, I have done you wrong, But pardon't as you are a Gentleman: this presence knows, And you must needs have heard how I am punish'd With a fore distraction; what I have done That might your nature, honour and exception Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness. Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Never *Hamlet*; If *Hamlet* from himself be ta'en away, And when he's not himself does wrong *Laertes*, Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it: Who does it then? His madness: If't be so, *Hamlet* is of the faction that is wronged, His madness is poor *Hamlet's* Enemy; Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil,



Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,  
That I have shot my Arrow o'r the House,  
And hurt my Brother.

*Laert.* I am satisfied in nature,  
Whose motive in this Case should stir me most  
To my revenge, "but in my terms of Honour  
"I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,  
"Till by some elder Masters of known honour  
"I have a Voice and Precedent of peace  
"To my name ungor'd, but all that time"  
I do receive your offered Love like Love,  
And will not wrong it.

*Ham.* I embrace it freely, and will this Brothers Wager  
Frankly play.  
Give us the Foils.

*Laert.* Come, one for me.

*Ham.* I'll be your Foil, *Laertes*, in mine ignorance  
Your skill shall like a Star i' th' darkest night  
Appear.

*Laert.* You mock me, Sir.

*Ham.* No, on my honour.

*King.* Give them the foils, young *Ostrick*: Cousin *Hamlet*,  
You know the wager.

*Ham.* Very well, my Lord:  
Your Grace has laid the odds o'th' weaker side.

*King.* I do not fear it, I have seen you both,  
But since he is better, we have therefore odds.

*Laert.* This is too heavy, let me see another.

*Ham.* This likes me well, these foils have all a length?

*Ostr.* I, my good Lord.

*King.* Set me the stools of wine upon the table;

If *Hamlet* give the first or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the Battlements their Ordnance fire;

The King shall drink to *Hamlet's* better breath,

And in the Cup an Onyx shall he throw

Richer than that which four successive Kings

In *Denmark's* Crown have worn. Give me the Cups,

And let the Kettle to the Trumpet speak,

The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,

The Cannons to the Heavens, the Heavens to Earth.

Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*: Come, begin,

And you the Judges bear a wary eye.

*Ham.* Come on, Sir.

*Trumpets  
& the while.*

*Laert?*



*Laert.* Come, my Lord.

*Ham.* One.

*Laert.* No.

*Ham.* Judgment.

*Ostr.* A Hit, a very palpable Hit. { *Drums, Trumpets, and Shot,*  
*Laert.* Well again. { *Flourish, a Piece goes off.*

*King.* Stay, give me drink, *Hamlet*, this Pearl is thine,  
 Here's to thy Health: give him the Cup.

*Ham.* I'll play this bout first, set it by a while.

Come, another Hit, what say you?

*Laert.* I do confes't.

*King.* Our Son shall win.

*Queen.* He's fat and scant of breath.

Here, *Hamlet*, take my Handkerchief, wipe thy brows:

The Queen salutes thy Fortune, *Hamlet*.

*Ham.* Good Madam.

*King.* *Gertrard*, Do not drink.

*Queen.* I will, my Lord; I pray you pardon me.

*King.* It is the poyson'd Cup, it is too late.

*Ham.* I dare not drink yet, Madam, by and by.

*Queen.* Come, let me wipe thy face.

*Laert.* My Lord, I'll hit him now.

*King.* I do not think 't.

*Laert.* And yet 'tis almost against my Conscience.

*Ham.* Come, for the third, *Laertes*, you do but dally;

I pray you pass with your best violence.

I am sure you make a Wanton of me.

*Laert.* Say you so? Come on.

*Ostr.* Nothing neither way.

*Laert.* Have at you now.

*King.* Part them, they are incens'd:

*Ham.* Nay, come again.

*Ostr.* Look to the Queen there, Ho.

*Horat.* They bleed on both sides; how is't, my Lord?

*Ost.* How is't, *Laertes*?

*Laert.* Why, as a Woodcock in my own Sprindge, *Ostrick*,  
 I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

*Ham.* How does the Queen?

*King.* She swoonds to see them bleed.

*Queen.* No, no, the Drink, the Drink, O my dear *Hamlet*,  
 The Drink, the Drink, I am poysoned.

*Ham.* O Villain! Ho, let the Door be lock'd,

Treachery, seek it out.

*Laert.* It is here, *Hamlet*; thou art slain,

No Medicine in the World can do thee good,  
 In thee there is not half an hours life,  
 The treacherous Instrument is in my hand,  
 Unbated and envenom'd, the foul practice  
 Hath turn'd it self on me; so here I lye  
 Nevèr to rise again: thy Mother's poyson'd,  
 I can no more, the King, the King's to blame.

*Ham.* The Point envenom'd too! then venom to thy work.

*All.* Treason! Treason!

*King.* O yet defend me, Friends! I am but hurt.

*Ham.* Here thou incestuous *Dane*,

“Drink off this Potion: is the Onyx here?

Follow my Mother.

*Laert* “He is justly serv'd, it is a poyson temper'd by himself.  
 Exchange forgiveness with me, Noble *Hamlet*,  
 Mine and my Fathers death come not upon thee,  
 Nor thine on me.

[*Dies.*

*Ham.* Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee:  
 I am dead, *Horatio*, wretched Queen farewell.  
 You that look pale and tremble at this chance,  
 That are but Mutes or Audience to this act,  
 Had I but time, (as this fell Sergeant Death  
 Is strict in his Arrest) O I could tell you;  
 But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,  
 Thou liv'st, report me and my Cause aright  
 To the unsatisfied.

*Horat.* Never believe it.

I am more an antick *Roman* than a *Dane*,  
 Here's yet some Liquor left.

*Ham.* As th' art a man,  
 Give me the Cup, let go, I'll have 't:  
 O *Horatio*, what a wounded name,  
 Things standing thus unknown, shall I leave behind me?  
 If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,  
 Absent thee from felicity a while,  
 And in this harsh World draw thy breath in pain, [A march a-  
 To tell my Story: what warlike noise is this? (*far off.*

*Enter Ostrick.*

*Ostr.* Young *Fortinbrass* with Conquest come from *Poland*,  
 Th' Ambassadors of *England* give this warlike Volley.

*Ham.* O, I dye, *Horatio*,  
 The potent poyson quite o'r-grows my spirit;  
 I cannot live to hear the News from *England*,  
 But I do prophesie the Election lights

On *Fortinbras*; he has my dying Voice,  
So tell him, with th' occurrents more and less  
Which have solicited : the rest in silence.

*Horat.* Now cracks a noble heart, good night, sweet Prince,  
And Choires of Angels sing thee to thy rest.  
Why does the Drum come hither ?

*Enter Fortinbras with the Ambassadors.*

*Fort.* Where is this sight ?

*Horat.* What is it you would see ?

If ought of woe or wonder, cease your search.

*Fort.* " This quarry cries on havock : " O proud death,  
What Feast is toward in thine infernal Cell,  
That thou so many Princes at a shot  
So bloodily hast strook.

*Ambass.* The sight is dismal,  
And our Affairs from *England* come too late,  
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing.  
To tell him his Commandment is fulfill'd,  
That *Rosencraus* and *Guildestern* are dead,  
Where should we have our thanks ?

*Horat.* Not from his mouth,  
Had it th' ability of breath to thank you ;  
He never gave Commandment for their death.  
But since so apt upon this bloody Question,  
You from the *Pollack* Wars, and you from *England*  
Are here arrived, give order that these Bodies  
High on a Stage be plac'd to publick view,  
And let me speak to th' yet unknowing World,  
How these things came about ; so shall you hear  
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts,  
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,  
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause,  
And in this upshot, purposes mistook,  
Fall'n on th' Inventors heads : all this can I  
Truly deliver.

*Fortin.* Let us haste to hear it,  
And call the Nobles to the audience :  
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune,  
I have some rights of memory in this Kingdom,  
Which now to claim my interest doth invite me.

*Horat.* Of that I shall have also cause to speak,  
And from his mouth whose voice will draw no more :  
But let this same be presently perform'd,  
Even while mens minds are wild, lest more mischance



On plots and errors happen.

*Fort.* "Let four Captains  
Bear *Hamlet* like a Souldier to the Stage,  
For he was likely, had he been put on,  
T'have prov'd most royal: and for his passage,  
The Souldiers Musick and the Rights of War  
Speak loudly for him.  
Take up the bodies; such a sight as this  
Becomes the Field, but here shews much amiss.  
"Go bid the Souldiers Shoot.

[*Exeunt.*

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*F I N I S.*

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